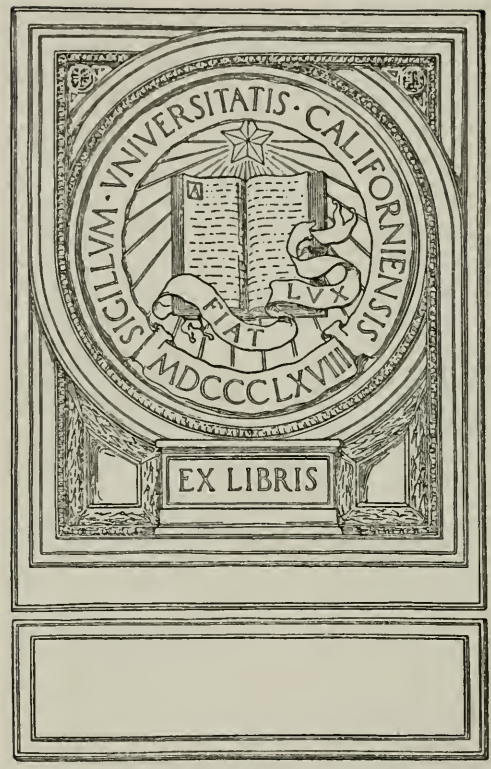
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A WINTER HOLIDAY IN PORTUGAL

SPAIN REVISITED:

A Summer Holiday in Galicia.

By C. Gasquoine Hartley,

Author of "A Record of Spanish Painting," "Moorish Cities," "Things Seen in Spain," etc., etc.

In one volume, demy 8vo, cloth gilt. With coloured frontispiece and numerous illustrations, printed on art paper, 12*s.* 6*d.* net.

C. Gasquoine Hartley is known already as a writer upon social life in Spain, and as an authority on the art of the country. In this volume the writer recounts, in a most entertaining manner, her experiences and impressions during a sojourn in Galicia, the mountainous and beautiful northern kingdom of Spain, which is still comparatively unexplored. Galicia is the Switzerland of Spain, but it is a Switzerland with a sea-coast, and offers scenery that is not to be surpassed in Europe. The mediæval city of Santiago de Compostilla is certainly, by its history and its magnificent old buildings, one of the most interesting towns in Spain. Its cathedral of St. James is the greatest monument of Romanesque architecture, while its *Gate of Glory* is the finest example of early Christian sculpture in the world. Galicia is an unrivalled centre for the study of Spanish sculpture, and her churches are museums of treasures in this art.

The writer describes the *fiestas*, the religious ceremonies, the native dances, the Gallegan music, the theatre, and many customs of the people, who in many ways resemble the Irish Celts to whom they are allied by race. She has visited not only the towns, but has lived in the homes of the peasants in remote villages where English-speaking people have seldom been seen.

S. THIAGO DE CACEM.

[Frontispiece

A WINTER HOLIDAY IN PORTUGAL

BY

CAPTAIN B. GRANVILLE BAKER

AUTHOR OF

"THE WALLS OF CONSTANTINOPLE," "THE DANUBE WITH PEN AND PENCIL," ETC.

WITH A COLOURED FRONTISPIECE, MAP, AND
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THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

TO A

LADY, FAIR AND GRACIOUS

WHO LIVES IN LISBON

261435

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INTRODUCTION

FEW words in our language are so liable to misinterpretation as the term "holiday." The general conception of "holiday" suggests a space of time, anything beyond twenty-four hours, which is devoted to purposes other than "the trivial round, the common task." This interpretation contains only part of the truth—a holiday is not merely a space in time, it is, above all, a state of mind. Holiday-making is an art, not only a recreation—an art, albeit, which exists only by virtue of the spirit of recreation, of the desire to see beautiful things and endeavour to appreciate them, of the capacity for entering into the feelings of one's fellow-men, not judging them by one's own standard.

No doubt a real philosopher would discourse most learnedly and at great length on the theoretical aspect of holiday-making. Such deep reflections are beyond the power of the author, who begs leave to introduce himself as a simple but whole-hearted Holiday-maker.

Choice of scene must be left to the Holiday-maker, and he has chosen to leave the lowering winter skies

of his native land for a serener clime, for a country in which holiday-making entails no effort, where climate and all other conditions conduce to the present purpose.

The Holiday-maker would take his readers to a land of delight, would tell them by words and in pictures of what he has heard and seen in a country where Nature is generous, under blue skies that are mirrored by blue summer seas, to Portugal—a country but little visited, yet so well worth knowing, a country where Flora's fair children bloom in sweet profusion, where Ceres is bountiful and supplies the wants of a people as lovable as their country is lovely.

A land of great historic interest, too, is Portugal, that strip of country washed on the west and south by the ocean which had no terrors for the bold explorers who made their country great and glorious—a land that harboured many different races of mankind, who met with varied fortunes, and finally merged into one Portuguese nation.

The Iberians were the first known inhabitants of this country. Whence they came is uncertain ; certain it is that the Romans found them here, and found them troublesome. Celts lived in this country, Phœnicians and Carthaginians visited it and have left traces here and there. The Romans came and conquered fair Lusitania—mighty monuments still tell

of that strong race; and when the Teuton Barbarians came out of the north and east, and the power of Rome crumbled away, the language remained and formed the basis of that tongue which is heard at its best in Camões' soul-stirring epics. The Barbarians, Goths, and Suevi made but a slight impression on the people of Lusitania during their short day; their influence lingers perhaps in the hardy men of mountainous Northern Portugal. For a space the Visigoths were predominant, and one of their kings, Leovegilde, ruled over the whole Peninsula. Christianity had been introduced by Reccarede, Leovegilde's successor; but in the year 711 fanatic hordes came from the east and south, crossed over from conquered Northern Africa, and brought almost the whole peninsula under the sway of Star and Crescent. The Christian Visigoths were driven into the mountains of Asturias, where they gathered strength for continued strife against the Moors. A great warrior, Pelagius, was proclaimed King of the Visigoths, and he commenced a struggle which lasted for centuries, and ended in the expulsion of the Moslem from Spain and Portugal.

Endless legends are woven about the obscure history of those early days, tales of Charlemagne and his Paladins, of Roland the Brave and his last fight in Roncesvalles. Roland was securing the retreat of the Frankish army. He was mortally wounded

when, as last survivor (for he had slain all his enemies), he wound the horn, which none but he had strength to do. Charlemagne hurried to the warrior's side, but arrived too late.

From out the mist of legend, history emerged and drew definite outlines. Out of the small legendary kingdom of Asturias arose the kingdom of Leon, increased in size by conquest of territory from the Moors.

Portugal was then but a county, forming part of the kingdom of Leon ; it was only a small portion of what is now known under that name. The name derives from the strip of country about Oporto, for here was in earliest days a castle called Calle. Round this castle grew up a township, by the river-side, and hither ships sailed up with merchandise, so the town came to be called Portus Calle. This strip of land extended, became the County Portucaliensis, an integral part of the kingdom of Leon. The name then spread to the whole country, and thus Portugal came into existence, carved, piece by piece, out of the territory held by the Moors.

The struggle with the Moors brought many adventurers into the country. One of these, Count Henry of Burgundy, married Theresa, daughter of Affonso VI., King of Leon. He was granted the county of Guimarães, to the north of Oporto, and the county Portucaliensis. From here he extended his

power, and his son, Affonso Henriques, became king and established a dynasty. Under his successors Portugal continued to grow, bravery and devotion led to further conquests, the Portuguese nation evolved itself, crystallised into strongly defined political identity, and prepared itself for yet greater achievements. These happened after the last Moor had been driven out of the country. Then the sons of Portugal looked out over the ocean, remembering legends and reports of far distant lands, countries of enormous wealth, the conquest of which would satisfy warlike ambition and would carry the Cross to "those who yet walked in darkness." So strong, bold men set forth on desperate ventures, of which the Holiday-maker will tell you. Then Portugal rose to high estate, and the world went very well for a time. But trouble ensued. Dom Sebastião, the chivalrous but fantastic young king, perished with most of his followers at the battle of El Kasr-el-Kebir, in a vain attempt at the conquest of Morocco. His successor reigned but a short time over a nation dispirited and in great straits, so Philip of Spain became king over Portugal. Three Philips followed each other before Dom João IV., Duke of Bragança, was called to the throne by his people, and re-established an independent kingdom.

But the glory had departed, and Portugal became a prey to internal strife or external interference.

Napoleon's armies infested the country and left desolation in their wake, civil war came to retard progress; so Portugal dropped behind in the race, and no longer belongs to the great Powers of the world.

But the country is fair to see, from the stern mountains of the north, through the smiling, fertile fields of Estremadura, the broad lands of Alemtejo, down to the sun-baked plains and rocky coast of Algarve. Amid beautiful scenery stand monuments of Portugal's great history—frowning castles, monasteries, ruined but yet beautiful temples and shrines, hoary with age. There are broad rivers and rippling rivulets, fields and forests, and over all the blue sky of Portugal. So come and make high holiday in this delightful land. The Holiday-maker will show you what little he knows of this fair country and its people, both of which he has learned to love. If he succeed but in arousing a passing interest in that which has delighted him, his holiday has not been in vain.

A WINTER HOLIDAY IN PORTUGAL

CHAPTER I

MOST readers skip the Introductions or Prefaces to the books they are pleased to peruse; they prefer to plunge *in medias res*, if possible. There are even cases where the end of the story is looked for at once, in order to ascertain whether everything ends happily. This happens with novels, as a rule, but cannot apply to the present work.

For the benefit of those who have not read the Introduction, the Holiday-maker therefore again asks leave to introduce himself, and to reiterate his purpose.

The title of this book itself conveys the first information necessary—namely, that the Holiday-maker has been pursuing his favourite pastime in Portugal. Let him proceed further, and, beginning at the very outset, pursue his way through reminiscences of a delightful holiday.

The holiday began with the jingling of bells, as a "hansom" conveyed the Holiday-maker to Euston

station. A grey, unfriendly London morning sharpened the desire for a glimpse of blue skies and blue seas; the sight of sombre figures hurrying to their work added to the prospective pleasure of a holiday—that delicious sense of having plenty of time on hand, and no more serious task than that of thorough enjoyment at great leisure.

So it was in thoroughly appropriate mood that the Holiday-maker boarded the big ship which was to take him away from grey skies into the sunshine.

The transition was not to be immediate; this would possibly spoil the effect. No; you pass by degrees into a serener atmosphere. Liverpool, with its intense activity, merges into a haze, the stately Tower Buildings lose their imposing stature as the good ship ploughs through the tumbling seas. Here is colour already—a faint golden haze sets off the masses of the Welsh mountains; the colour moves to westward, and shows the coast of Ireland silhouetted against the evening sky, a feeble attempt at sunset, yet a suggestion of colour. Then night falls, the mystery of a night at sea, and the choppy waves of St. George's Channel recall other days—days when small ships sailed smoothly over the waters or were tossed about at the mercy of the waves. From out of those creeks on the coast of Wales smart little craft dashed out to overhaul the full-bellied merchantmen that staggered back to the Mersey under full sail, heavy-laden

with goods from lands of sunshine and splendour. For so many centuries no one was quite safe on those waters.[1]

But all this has been changed for many a day. Big liners make their stately way down channel, hundreds of lights from their portholes call forth fitful reflections in the waters, the sound of music drowns the voice of the waves and the wind from over the Western Ocean, as holiday-makers and others are borne outwards over the seas.

Morning dawns in grey and misty, and the mighty Atlantic swell heaves and surges in heavy masses against Land's End, and foams round the Lizard. Fitful gleams of sunshine glint silver on the dancing waters, or light for a moment on the sails of some small craft, and the big ship bears onward, unmoved.

Havre is not in friendly mood, is distinctly reserved, and wrapped in a mist as moist and penetrating as any to be met with in Scotland. The big ship carefully feels her way through the mist, is guided by devious ways into dock, and finally rests majestically for a day or two while men go about their business or pleasure. The business adds to the good ship's responsibilities, bales and cases of all manner of merchandise moving out from the *quai* to vanish inside capacious holds. The Holiday-maker

[1] Even Strafford, Charles I.'s Viceroy in Ireland, suffered at the hands of the gentry who sailed these craft, for his plate and linen were seized by a ship appropriately named *The Pickpocket of Dover*.

is interested in such matters, but not to the extent of inquiring into the nature and destination of those bales and cases; rather would he weave romance around them, as they loom through the mist and vanish, to reappear in some distant land for the use of some stranger people.

But all around are places of great interest. Across the broad estuary of the Seine lies Honfleur, an historic spot, and one which has its bearing on English history, for near there, hidden among trees, covered over with kindly ivy, is the ruined abbey of St. Arnoud, where, it is said, Harold the Saxon swore by the bones of the saint who lies buried there to renounce the throne of England in favour of his host, perchance jailer, William, Duke of Normandy. Then again, on the north bank of the river, and within an easy walk, lies Harfleur, with the graceful spire of its church, built by an Englishman, reflected in the sluggish waters of a little river. Here are faint traces of a castle which took its part in history. English and French held it in turn, desperate fighting took place around it, and these things are still remembered by the kindly Normans who live there. Thus one worthy, a big-boned man with flowing white beard, told the Holiday-maker with great enjoyment of how, during the wars between England and France, the French effected entrance into the castle by a ruse, and the English garrison, alarmed,

streamed out into the night clad only in their shirts.

Yet further on, up the Seine river, is a fair city which the Holiday-maker loves well, and he took train there, in chance company of a round-headed Norman. This gentleman proved to be full of information, and ready to impart it. He pointed out to the Holiday-maker the beauties of the Norman landscape, where the train winds round high hills, or, getting weary of circumlocution, tears through a cutting or dashes shrieking into a tunnel, emerging to pant up some incline, at the foot of which gleams the river Seine. The round-headed Norman emphatically declared that the landscape, which still showed patches of snow, is much more beautiful in summer. Then followed some purely personal information. Does monsieur know why his travelling-companion wears such old clothes, and shabby? The Holiday-maker, judging by himself, suggests that perhaps there are no others in immediate prospect. No, not so, not so at all. At home, mind you, put away for use on Sundays, is a coat of glossy black, with other garments to match, and all of the most "chic." On such occasions, too, a white collar and a cravatte replace the black-and-red checked neck-cloth. But the reason for the present disguise is this—and the Norman pointed mysteriously to a padlocked black leather bag. This bag contains much money, "for know you,

monsieur, that I who speak to you am a bank-messenger, that my unobtrusive costume is but the disguise I don to conceal the vast responsibility laid upon me." The object is attained completely, assurance to that effect still further strengthens the *entente cordiale*; Norman bank-messenger and Holiday-maker parted with expressions of the highest regard for each other, personally and as representatives of neighbour nations, great and friendly.

One last dive into a tunnel, then the train slows down, and rumbles into a station. Here is Rouen, fair to look upon, famous in history. Here are broad avenues with modern shops and excellent restaurants down by the swift-flowing river; here are narrow, old-world streets, and quaint relics of bygone days, "La Grande Horloge," odd corners under the shadow of the great cathedral, the little "Rue des Quatre Vents," where indeed the winter wind searches you out and finds you; here are peeps of old gabled houses, surmounted by some graceful, towering spire. Then there is the vast majesty of the cathedral with its glorious west façade, the church of St. Ouen with its delicate stone tracery and graceful columns, and yet a little further on a grim tower, that of Joan of Arc, which tells of dark mediæval superstition, of ugly vengefulness and incredible credulity.

But lovely as it is, and full of interest, Rouen does not at this time of the year offer what the

HARFLEUR CHURCH.

THE GATEWAY OF A RUINED MONASTERY.

Holiday-maker has come out to see. So back to the big ship and away, out to sea again, over the Bay of Biscay, much maligned, for it is smooth and pleasant to look upon as we sail out of the mist into the pearly light of a brisk winter morning.

Then land rises out of the morning, a rough, rugged coast, standing in bold, swinging outline against the rising sun. The air is clearer, though an opalescent haze still softens the hard contours of the coast of Spain; colour is stronger, coaxed out by the rays of sunshine; and that huge fleet of British battleships, steaming out of Arrosa Bay, merges into the scheme of pearly grey, topaz, emerald, and delicate pink of sky and sea. The grey, wave-washed hulls reflect the colours that surround them; the glass of a port-hole glints like a diamond here and there in response to the silver flashing of the waters. Fluttering pennants and the red cross of St. George on the flowing white ensign add to the forceful effect, as the vast engines of war hold on their course in sternly ordered array.

The sun rises high in the heavens and sparkles on the foam that dashes against the rocks in the long swinging swell of the Atlantic. The morning mists have vanished, and the coast-line stands out strong and rugged; surely there is little hope of welcome on this forbidding-looking coast! But no! As we draw nearer the rocky masses divide, open

out into a broad, winding channel, cunningly hidden from view by barren islands; the estuary widens, and we drop anchor in a large harbour, opposite a small town. This is Vigo, a place of great importance, with one of the finest harbours on the coast, a frequent port of call for England's war-fleet. Soon picturesque humanity is seething round the sides of our big ship; launches, tenders, boats of all sizes surround us, and send emigrants swarming up the companion-ladder, for this ship has got to go right across the Atlantic, far south, to countries discovered by the forbears of the very men who are leaving their old surroundings to woo Dame Fortune elsewhere. The usual bum-boat is much in evidence; its ragged, bare-footed complement extols the virtue of stores of golden oranges, of parrots, green, or grey with saucy pink under the wings, of many other wares, which seldom seem to find a purchaser. The persistence of the bum-boat merchant is touching—how many travellers invest in the treasures offered at such elastic prices? Does ever the most determined holiday-maker set out on his voyage with a parrot, green or grey and pink, however eloquent?

In contrast to the life around the ship lies the sleepy town of Vigo; smoke rises lazily from many chimneys, heralding the midday meal, to be followed by siesta, though that condition seems to obtain

already. No doubt the old castle has known stirring times. Watchers on the ramparts, looking out to sea, would espy white sails bearing in towards the sheltered harbour, heavy galleons would drop anchor or tie up alongside, and then the narrow streets would fill with swarthy sailors and curious landsmen, eager to hear of those rich countries far across the ocean, countries conquered by the sons of Spain, countries peopled by strange races which paid the tribute carried by these galleons. Then, again, a battered ship would struggle in wearily, for Drake and his hornets were out, and all the coast-line was unsafe. Then the men in the castle looked to the priming of their guns, and kept their eyes fixed on the entrance to the harbour.

Those days are past, and English warships are welcome in Vigo harbour. But other excitement following on historic events has not been wanting recently. News came one October morning of a sudden revolution in the neighbour country, Portugal, news of the flight of a king and of the popular upheaval which had caused it. Then came adherents of the old order, disappointed men, and made Vigo their headquarters. There, like disappointed men, they grumbled and plotted, and were finally requested to move further inland, further from the frontier of their own country.

But a little further south a stream flows into the

ocean at Caminha, the Minho, and this stream forms the boundary between Spain and Portugal whither we are bound. So our good ship swings out into the open sea by another channel, out into the western sea, where the sun is setting, to rise over a continent discovered by the energy and daring of those who lived on this rocky coast.

Sunset and a clear southern sky, starlight reflected on the restless waters, as we pursue our way southward.

CHAPTER II

HIGH mountains to eastward stand out massive and blue against the sunrise; for a moment the strong outline quivers in an aura of bright colours, then the sun rises, suddenly it seems, and gives to each feature of the landscape its proper proportion. The mountains recede, and shy villages, little white houses, which nestled in the shade till now, are suddenly illumined, and take their proper place. Another day is here, and its light detaches the details of the varied scene, shows human habitations, and men going about their business. This lies on the water along the coast; witness the many white sails, out in the west, gleaming in the light of the newly risen sun. There is a joyous freshness in the air, a feeling of strength and purpose.

Our big ship conveys us through the fleet of fishing-boats with their crews of sunburnt seafarers, who have toiled all night. They now transfer their glittering catch to small, busy steamers, which dart out from the hidden harbours among the rocks, and dash back again with an air of bustle and great

importance. And their business is indeed important, for the welfare of many bright-eyed women and sturdy children depends upon the labours of these toilers of the sea.

How many Britons have passed along this coast out into the Far East? How many have wondered what manner of men live on this rocky shore, and how they live and have their being? How many have passed by without stopping? Among these the Holiday-maker was to be reckoned, but he never passed by here without longing for an answer to his questions. And now he has been granted an insight, a glimpse only, into this country with its rock-bound coast, has been privileged to visit some of those nestling villages and pretty little towns basking in the light of the newly risen sun. It is the fulfilment of this desire, the pleasing memory of all the lovely sights he saw, which now leads him to express himself with pen and pencil.

Here let it be definitely stated in all humility that the Holiday-maker is a singularly fortunate mortal. His lot is cast on pleasant lines, and Fortune has further favoured him with many friends, good and true. Led by such pleasant experience of his fellow-men, he is ever ready to add to this genial host of friends, and much desires to enroll his readers. Therefore, as first evidence of friendly feeling, he would share with his readers the pleasant

memories of this winter holiday, would lead them through the lovely country where that holiday was spent, would make them acquainted with that lovable people, all those who live in Portugal, who made that holiday yet more delightful.

The big ship holds on her steady course, but we will deviate and yield to the temptation of entering one of those small harbours. There, round that bluff headland, the point of Santa Luzia, lies a pretty little town, well worth a visit. No big liners ever call here, at Vianna do Castello,[1] with its white houses, its church towers, picked out against the dark background of firs and pines and evergreens. Beyond those pleasant woods again are heights, and they close in upon a gently flowing river, famous in legend and history.

This is the Lima, which, born of virgin snow, winds down from those vast mountains into one of the loveliest vales on earth, the valley of the Lima, known to the Romans as the "Happy Valley." Here it was that a Roman legion, forgetful of duty, disregarding Cæsar's commands, mutinied when ordered back to Imperial Rome: they would not leave this "Happy Valley." Of an evening, when pink clouds, coloured by the last rays of the setting sun, mirror themselves on the broad, smooth surface of the waters, whispering voices of waving reeds commune with the trees of the forests. The soft

[1] Capital of the District, 10,000 inhabitants; Hôtel Central.

evening breeze, breathing the pure air of the mountains, laden with the scent of the pine trees, searches out hidden nooks and crannies. Then Diana awakes, and her maidens, and their white, flowing garments gleam in the light of the crescent as it flows through the lace-work of branches. When the full moon hangs low and golden over the mountains, then Bacchus and his followers meet and hold high holiday, for Bacchus sought out this valley as his place of exile when the Cross drove him from his high estate. But the gods are not dead, and the worship of Bacchus is no mere dream of the past.

The ancient town of Vianna dreams too, as the rippling waters flash in the silvery moonlight. Dreams of long-forgotten days, of the men of Celtic race, whose ruined habitation may yet be seen on the heights of Santa Luzia. Dreams of more recent days when the town took shape at the mouth of the Lima, and bred bold, venturesome men who sailed out into the west. For many years these seafarers, having obtained concessions from the Kings of England, came to fish off the English coasts. They then went further and established the fisheries on the banks of Newfoundland; their ships returned with quantities of dried cod, called 'bacalhão' and much beloved of the Portuguese people. There was also a brisk trade between Vianna and English ports, Portuguese merchants paying for English

OPORTO, FROM THE HIGH-LEVEL BRIDGE.

goods with the wines of Portugal. Thus was port introduced into England, to the great contentment of many, for, as a Portuguese proverb hath it, "Good wine makes a soft bed." It may well do so, for the beds in Northern Portugal are very hard, to which fact the bones of the Holiday-maker bear testimony. He retired to bed at Vianna, very tired, after a glorious day in the forest and on the heights of Santa Luzia, to awake the next morning with a set of limbs that did not appear to be his own, until movement painfully restored them to their different uses. Nevertheless a pillow apparently filled with sand and a bed of what seemed made of unyielding masonry did not rob him of his rest nor chase away dreams of "green days in forest, and blue days at sea."

But the palmy days of Vianna do Castello have departed. It was at one time the only place of export for the wines of Northern Portugal; it had many rich monasteries and convents. Now, since the end of the seventeenth century, Oporto has absorbed the trade, the monasteries and convents stand deserted, and Vianna sleeps in the sunshine. It is still attractive, more so, perhaps, in its present state of quietude, with its fine old houses, displaying here and there a Manueline door or window. There are pleasant gardens by the river side, palms, and the perfume of golden mimosa and the glory of the Judas tree in blossom; here you may sit and

watch fishermen spearing fish out on the sparkling river.

The wooded heights that enclose the town hide much that is beautiful. Fortune here again favoured the Holiday-maker; he found a friend who led him out into the hills to a monastery long deserted, yet alive with pathetic interest—a small monastery, dating from the fourteenth century, hidden amongst the hills, embowered in pines and ilex trees. An ancient stone-flagged road leads to its portal crowned with the image of the patron saint. Great magnolia trees, decked with red blossoms of unusual size and perfect symmetry, cast their shadow on the grey, moss-clad walls. The magnolia is, by the way, the oldest-known flowering tree; petals of its blossoms have been found in geological strata, bearing testimony to its venerable age. Camellias display their waxen petals, fair flowers grow in the garden everywhere. The monastery stands just as the good monks left it, but here and there are signs of decay, and a wistful silence reigns in the cells, the simple refectory, and those more elaborate rooms where visitors were received. The chapel is the most pathetic—rude but well-meant frescoes, paintings, touching in their imperfection are fading from the walls, the altar-rails are broken, and on the bare altar still stands an illuminated missal. Above the altar is the carved shrine, its gilding tarnished, its sacred

images and floral offerings dust-covered—yet the sense of incense lingers here. The deserted sanctuary yet breathes the spirit of devotion, simple and sincere, and answer comes from rustling forest trees, and clear, cool fountains in shady places; worship and reverence is in the voice of the breeze that bears hither as incense the scent of the pine woods and the perfume of flowers.

From the heights of Santa Luzia, where a modern temple is in course of construction, a bronze figure looks down upon the town of Vianna. It is a figure of Christ, the work of a Portuguese sculptor, Queiroz Ribeiro, and it should rank among the most beautiful of man's handiwork. In conception it is entirely free from convention. There are none of the traditional emblems, there is no halo, there are no marks of the Passion: a simple figure, intensely human, and divine in its humanity, seems to be urged forward by endless compassion towards the mortals in the valley below. It is indeed a work of genius, sincere, and of singular beauty.

But the Holiday-maker must return to the big ship, for he has decided to become acquainted with the capital of Portugal and as much of the surrounding country as a short holiday allows. So a fleeting glance at the country is all that the present occasion calls for. Behind that stern coast, exposed to the full force of the Atlantic, lies a country beautiful, rich, and full of historic interest. There are terraces where

the vines grow in the sunshine, there are broad fields and fat meadows, cosy homesteads embowered in blooming fruit-trees, white masses of apple blossom and of pear, sprays of pink almond, cool streams of green water rolling down from the hills, and behind all the serried ranks of snow-clad mountains.

From beyond those mountains came the men that made Portugal. There was the small kingdom of Leon, which was saved by its inaccessibility from the inroads of the Moors. It developed and gained strength. Adventurers came from the north to fight for the Cross, and no doubt for their own advantage. Among these was Henry, Count of Burgundy, who married Dona Teresa, daughter of King Affonso of Leon. Count Henry made Leobriga, an ancient Gothic stronghold, his capital, and as Guimarães the place became the cradle of a race of kings. Count Henry rebuilt the castle, and ruled wisely. It is said that he introduced the vine from Burgundy, but both Seneca and Pliny found the people of this country well acquainted with viniculture. Count Henry died young, and his able wife reigned in his stead during his infant son's minority. She asserted the independence of Portugal, which then consisted of only two counties, Guimarães and the country about Oporto. But these she handed over to her son as one compact realm, and Dom Affonso Henriques came into a goodly heritage. Starting with this advantage, the young

THE FORT, CASCAES.

prince set himself the task of freeing the country to the south of the Moorish invaders, carving out a new kingdom for himself. We shall see how he succeeded, how his sword gained victory on victory, how he was proclaimed king by his army and founded a dynasty of strong rulers, as we pursue our way through Portugal.

Guimarães was Dom Affonso Henriques' starting-place, Oporto his *point d'appui*, and thither the good ship is taking us. We land at the outside port, Leixões, for big liners do not go up the river to Oporto. Having landed, an electric tram takes us along the river up to Oporto. Our way is very beautiful, by the banks of broad Douro, fringed with forests of masts. Signs of activity increase as we approach, tugs and small boats crossing over from one bank to the other, and there is a constant stream of wayfarers over high- and low-level bridges. The town of Oporto rises from the river level on the right bank to the ridge that is crowned at its highest point by the cathedral, the bishop's palace, and the ruins of the old castle.

The history of Oporto began on the southern bank where now stands Villa Nova de Gaia. Here stood a castle called Calle; its walls, enclosing a small township, extended down to the river, where ships used to anchor. Hence the name Portus Calle, Portus Calliensis, finally extending as Portugal over all the

territory regained from the Moors, a fact of which Oporto is justly proud. The small township then extended to the northern bank, retaining its name, and settling round a fortress called Pena Ventosa. Others say that the Suevi, driven from the north of Spain by the Goths, built a castle here in 417; as a matter of fact, the earliest history of the city is wrapped in mystery, and it was not till the town, castle, and surrounding country, as the county Portucaliensis, came to be part of the kingdom of Leon, that its history assumed definite outlines. The Moors called here, of course, and in 937, led by Almançor of Cordova, destroyed Pena Ventosa. Sixty years later the Bishop of Vandôme sent a band of Gascons here to rebuild the castle and drive out the Moors. Since then Oporto has grown in importance, and considers itself quite the equal of Lisbon, the capital of the country. It was with great regret that the Holiday-maker tore himself away from Oporto after a very short stay, for he has friends there too, and found much of beauty and of interest to record—so much, in fact, that both country and people of Oporto, of all Northern Portugal, are entitled to separate treatment.

Out into the western sea once more for a last few hours on board the big ship, passing southward down the coast of Portugal, until the lights on shore pale before the rising sun, and a broad gap in the coast-line opens invitingly.

Legend has been busy here, talks of a pearly grey morning, centuries ago, and of a seafarer of such peripatetic habits that he certainly deserves to rank as holiday-maker. On that morning, so many centuries ago, a strange craft worked her way into that gap in the coast line—a craft of a kind that no modern traveller would trust himself to for anything but a river trip. It relied for propulsion chiefly on a row of oars, how many the Holiday-maker cannot say; it also had a mainsail, which relieved the rowers occasionally. Yet this craft had had the most extraordinary adventures on the high seas. It had started out from Ithaca, sailed round Greece, and found its way among the islands to the coast of Asia Minor. Here, in company with other similar craft, it was beached, no doubt, and lay up till the crew, who were also redoubtable warriors, had, after a long siege, sacked and devastated Troy. The ruins of that city have been unearthed, so part of the story must be true, and why not therefore give at least a hearing to other parts of the story, which have not yet been disproved? It was to the owner of this strange craft, to Ulysses, that the capture of Troy was due. We also know that this pronounced holiday-maker travelled very far out of his way indeed, before he returned to the bosom of his family, so why may he not have visited Portugal? It is just as likely as many of the other extraordinary things that happened to him. A

visit to Portugal in those days was no common occurrence, it is true. There was no Booth line to make everything easy and comfortable. Ulysses did not show a beautiful three-cornered label, marked U, on his hat-box, as proof that he really had been abroad. He got a poet called Homer to record his travels, which is really just as convincing, and more picturesque.

Let us, then, correct a slight omission in the Iliad, and send Ulysses to the mouth of the Tagus, nor stop at that, but boldly let him lay the foundations of Lisbon. Why not? Ulysses was a man of vast experience, and of a thoroughly practical turn of mind; he also had a strong sense for the beautiful, of which many recorded instances give evidence; and all these qualities would force a man to build a city exactly where Lisbon now stands. First of all, Lisbon stands on seven hills—every great city should—and a man like Ulysses would hardly pass by a cluster of seven hills without beginning to build on one of them. As a knowing seafarer, he would bring the city wall down to the river side, and build a suitable landing-stage there where the river is broadest. How he, the man of travel, must have enjoyed it!—the broad waterway by which he entered after careful soundings on the bar, the wooded heights closing in on either hand, the range of high mountains to the north, arresting the clouds that

they might not disturb the serenity of the blue sky reflected in blue water; then, just where the seven hills grow so opportunely, the river broadens to the dimensions of a lake. No, it would certainly be unfair to Ulysses, both in his capacity as contriver and as holiday-maker, to rob him of this, his crowning achievement, of founding Lisbon.

But like a well-conditioned holiday-maker, Ulysses tore himself away from Lisbon and returned home, where, by the way, he spoiled some other people's holiday. With what regret Ulysses must have looked back upon a scene so fair!—the broad river vanishing in the east, the banks narrowing, and widening again as his ship began to dance on the incoming tide and his crew strained at their oars. Then little by little the light faded out of the landscape, till the last rays of the sun flashed for a moment on the high peaks of the Serra of Cintra; then they too stood in purple gloom, and Ulysses altered the course, and rounding the Cape of Espichel, lost sight of his latest and most lasting achievement.

The conditions under which Ulysses, the holiday-maker of history and legend, entered the Tagus, differed in many respects from those of his humble and very recent follower. The climate was probably much the same, mild and balmy, so that this Holiday-maker crossed the bar in a costume as light as that which Ulysses and his race were wont to wear, though

of more definite form, and less liable to derangement by the sportive morning breeze. The main features of the landscape have altered but a little. Surely Cape Espichel looked dim and blue and distant, but without its twinkling light. There was the same roar of mighty breakers, hurled by the Atlantic swell against the hollowed rocks of the Bocca do Inferno, the same swirling of foam against the cliffs, the same tumbling seas on the sandy beach, and over the bar the same Serra, crowned with clouds rose-coloured by the rising sun, looking down serenely over a lovely landscape away into the eastern haze, full of promise of things beautiful.

Here similarity ends. Ulysses did not feel constrained by evidences of civilisation around him to go below and don suitable apparel. He probably had no comfortable cabin to go to, no attentive steward to minister to his wants, no change of garments to worry about, and possibly no breakfast worth mentioning to look forward to. Certainly holiday-making is materially improved since the days of Ulysses. But tremendous changes have taken place since then which have affected even Portugal, that land of leisure. Instead of bumping up against unsuspected rocks, landing in the dark and suddenly, on some unknown shore, to be discovered in the morning by inappreciative natives, the ways over the waters are prepared with great care for the holiday-maker. Lighthouses

guide his ship into safety; his path is made smooth for him on landing; in fact, it is not until after reflecting on the trials of former generations of holiday-makers that the modern seeker after rest and pleasure in foreign lands realises to the full his many advantages.

This was borne in upon the Holiday-maker as the big ship swung round Cabo Raso, as modern villas, springing up from out of groves of pines, old-fashioned forts with quaint pepper-box turrets by the water-side, met his glance. Cascaes, with its royal palace enclosed by the walls of an ancient fort, waving palms decking the terraces; Mont' Estoril, that bright and pleasant winter resort, with its golden sands and castellated mansions; Parede and Carcavellas, and then another fort, Torre de S. Julião, pass in succession, sheltered by the Serra of Cintra. Opposite the Torre de S. Julião, the Torre do Bugio, the lighthouse, marks the entrance to the Tagus curving slightly to where a graceful tower stands out into the river.

In this tower we meet with the first striking evidence of the history of Portugal. It is the Tower of Belem, the Torre de S. Vincento, built on the spot where Vasco de Gama landed on returning from his voyage of discovery. King Manuel I. caused it to be built—Dom Manoel, so great a king that men called him the Fortunate. Of this and other matters the Holiday-maker has much to tell; of the history of that town, rising on seven hills from the banks

of the river where warships and merchantmen lie at anchor, where are everywhere signs of life and enterprise; of the people who live there, and go about their business or pleasure. Much that is beautiful, much that is interesting, is to be found in Lisbon, the capital of Portugal.

LISBON, IN THE OLD QUARTER.

A COLUMN IN THE CHURCH OF BELEM.

CHAPTER III

THE modern holiday-maker travels in greater comfort than those who went before. There may yet be some of those still living who tell of much discomfort on landing on a foreign shore. Passports were required, and scrutinised by officials of whose capability for understanding such weighty documents some doubt was justified. This discomfort has been abolished in Portugal, and in all civilised countries except Russia, Turkey, Roumania, and Servia. Of the civilisation of the last-named country the less said the better—in fact, there is very little to say of it. The Holiday-maker once arrived at Belgrade in the dead of night. Unceremonious officials boarded the train, collected passports, kept them for some twenty minutes, and then returned them to the travellers in bunches, leaving each to choose his own. Again, another serious nuisance was caused by the fiscal authorities, whose prying into portmanteaux the traveller watched with some anxiety. This, too, is no very grave matter, at least in Portugal, for officers of the customs now begin to recognise how harmless

holiday-makers are, and the shipping agents also assist in making this inconvenience less pronounced.

So the Holiday-maker landed in Lisbon, and bethought him of some place to lay his head. The choice was difficult on account of its variety. There was the Hôtel Bragança; the Avenida, a pleasant-sounding name; the Central, which sounds more business-like; the Durand, suggesting homeliness. The Holiday-maker decided for the first of all these, the Bragança. The name alone calls up memories of the great race that ruled over a great country; it has such a romantic flavour; in short, to live there would seem most in keeping with the Holiday-maker's intention of entering into the life and history of Portugal.

The way leads along a level road for a while, a road none too well kept, with waste space between it and the railway line that leads to Cascaes. Beyond that again are ungainly sheds that line the river-side, where ships of all sorts are loading or discharging. Yet a little farther on fishing-boats land the night's catch, which is then carried in big baskets to the fish-market across the road. This is a scene of intense and noisy activity. Out of the hurly-burly emerge the fish-wives, each carrying a basket of glittering wares on her head. Each has her daily round, a certain section of the town, which she perambulates, calling attention to her goods in strident tones. There

is only one fish-shop in Lisbon, so it is said; the Holiday-maker did not visit it, and therefore cannot say how business goes there. But it is certain that the fish-wives do a good trade, especially during Lent. They seem a happy and contented tribe, these fish-wives; the name does not quite suit them, for they are of all ages, mostly young girls, some children yet, lithe and active, their gait instinct with that grace which belongs to those who carry burdens on their heads; one meets it again in Eastern Europe, in Egypt, and to perfection among the Hindu women of India.

These fish-girls belong to a different race; it is said that their ancestors came from Phœnicia, and settled in the country round about Ovar and Varina, whence they come to the towns to earn their bread. Their contentment expresses itself now and again in a graceful contre-dance, to the rhythm of a somewhat mournful chant, sung by the dancers, as they glide, barefooted, through a maze of intricate steps. The dance, executed in the middle of the street, with the waving palms in a public garden hard by the fish-market as a background, suggest chiton and himation rather than the short but voluminous skirts, Grecian knots laced with coloured ribbons rather than the hard felt hats, worn by these dancing damsels. The dancing has a strange fascination, which made the Holiday-maker late for church one Sunday morning.

All this on the road to the Hôtel Bragança; a plunge into a narrow street, through which electric trams run to the accompaniment of the angry clangour of the drivers' bells. Many obstructions meet these trams on their round of the city; of these one is peculiar to Lisbon only. A quaint conveyance, resembling a box open at the sides, painted in colours once garish, now tarnished and subdued, rolls gaily, drawn by mules, along the tramway track. The conveyance, furnished with seats, conveys the poorer people at cheap rates, and is always crowded. It is one of many that belong to an enterprising gentleman, Eduardo Jorge, whose name is plainly written on the board above the side of this conveyance. The wheels of this contrivance are made to fit the track, the right to use the track is that of piracy. In fact, no such right exists, but as two rails happen to be lying in the road, Eduardo Jorge sees fit to use them. The insistent note of the electric-tram bell at last conveys to the driver of the pirate car a glimmering of the rights of others, and he makes some show of inclination to oblige. But the mules have got to be consulted, and one of them may consider this an opportune moment for a rest—well merited, no doubt. The mule rests peacefully through a storm of vituperation; then, having rested, assists his colleague in hauling the pirate craft off the track, to run it swaying, rumbling, into the gutter.

Here the other mule may think fit to take a rest. Such pleasing episodes as this may be taken as evidence that the struggle for existence is not so desperate here as it is elsewhere.

Out of the narrow, low-lying street, into broader ones that lead upwards, a sharp turn, and we arrive at the portals of the Hôtel Bragança. A stately building this, once the residence of Royal Braganças, and no doubt with some share in the history of Portugal. Portuguese art, too, is in evidence, for in the hall stands a huge screen of black wood, upon which is carved boldly, yet gracefully withal, an intricate florid design. The atmosphere is pleasant, yet strange at first. You are made welcome, and your wants are ministered unto, all without undue hurry; good food there is and good wine, and a glorious view out of window over the river to the distant hills.

But a finer view offers from the upstair rooms, facing south. At your feet is a sea of roofs, out of which some emerge with more insistence than others. There is the flat roof of the English college in the Largo do Corpo Santo, where you may now and again see young English priests, their black cassocks relieved by a scarlet band, taking the air, and no doubt discoursing on serious matters. Leading eastward towards Black Horse Square is the Rua do Arsenal; a shadow hangs over it, for there, at the

farther end, a king was foully murdered, and with him fell his son—a king who generously trusted his safety to his people, and who was done to death by adherents of the principle he represented, men who feared that strong measures would end the corrupt practices they favoured. This outrage left the reins of government in the hands of a boy all untrained for his high office, and led to troubles of which the end is not yet in sight, despite the well-meant efforts of poets, lawyers, soldiers, and other dilettant statesmen now in power.

Within the Arsenal are to be heard sounds of activity, interrupted now and again by tumultuous strikes, since Liberty came to Portugal. The nation's warships are overhauled here; others lie out in the fairway, more or less fit for service—at any rate, capable of revolutionary action. The vast expanse of water, the largest, safest harbour in the world, could well accommodate ten times the warships now sufficient for the needs of the Portuguese Empire overseas.

There are few sights so fair as that from an up-stairs window in Hôtel Bragança. Before the rising sun lights up the hidden corners of the city, when rumbling market-carts pass, undisturbed by electric trams, through the stone-paved streets, the river lies broad and silent, dimly reflecting hulls and mast-head lights of the shipping in harbour. A golden glow in

the east brings the outline of heights to southward into strange relief. Then distant Palmella catches the first rays of the sun; they light upon the heights of Almada, they relegate the mast-head lights to fitting obscurity, and suddenly illumine the fair landscape. Quaint little towns over the water shine white in the sunshine; busy Barreiro, Alfeite in its bower of dark pine trees, Cacilhas, and the castle above it, all rejoice in the light of the morning.

But Nature may show herself in other mood from time to time. While a tranquil sunset throws up the graceful dome of Estrella Church with its attendant pinnacles, while the shades have lowered on the fair gardens of Estrella, when deep peace lies over St. George's cemetery, where Fielding[1] rests under tapering cypress trees, in an ordered tangle of flowering shrubs, a fiercer note comes out of the east. Storm-clouds are gathering over the valley of the Tagus, Palmella hangs in an angry haze, and swiftly the tempest tears over the waters where ships strain at their cables. Then the graceful arum lilies that grow in the shade under the trees of St. George's cemetery bow their white chalices before the storm, and periwinkles bordering the paths hide their heads under dark heavy leaves, as the storm-wind strews broadcast the crimson petals of the Judas-tree. The

[1] Fielding, the descendant of that Habsburg-Feldenheim who, dispossessed by Rudolf von Habsburg, settled in England. From Feldenheim the Fieldings derive their name.

storm-wind shrieks through the streets, drowning the sounds of traffic, churns up the waters that rush out to meet the ocean, with hardly time to reflect fitfully the many harbour lights.

But as suddenly as it arose the storm subsides; Lisbon sleeps, and heeds not the still voices of the night, heard only by those who listen intently. They tell of former times, when Lisbon emerged from the mists of legend to take part in history. No definite origin exists even of the name of this city. Some make Ulysipo, then Lisbon, out of Ulysses. Others declare that the name derives from the Phœnician "allis" and "ublo," which mean "a pleasant bay." From these two terms came Allisublo, Olisipo, Lissipone, Lisibona, then Lisbõa. No trace remains of the Phœnicians, who came on business only and never settled here. Even the Romans, who were nothing if not definite, say only what they themselves accomplished here. They came in the second century before the Christian era, built first a stronghold, then a town, which grew and became beautiful, with temples, baths, amphitheatres, and eventually rose to municipal privileges, and was called Felicita Julia in the days of Julius Cæsar.

The Romans had their day, and, leaving their impress on the country, their language, and many ruined monuments, they made way for the barbarian hordes. Then in the eighth century of our time Alanni

BELEM, THE CHURCH OF S. JERONYMOS.

came to Lisbon, and with them Suevi. But these went under when in the same century the Arabs came and conquered, and took possession of the land. In the meantime, Christianity had come to the Goths in the northern parts of the Peninsula, and inspired them to carry the Cross over all the land. So for centuries strife and warfare filled the pages of history, and Lisbon became chief subject of contention. The struggle raged with varying fortunes. From time to time the Christians would succeed in wresting Lisbon from the Pagans. So in 753 Fruela I., King of Oviedo, held Lisbon for a while; then followed Dom Affonso the Chaste, King of the Asturias, in 800; Ordonho III., King of Leon, in 851; and Dom Affonso of Leon and Castile in 903. These conquests and reconquests caused endless suffering to the city, which was, in addition to all its troubles, visited by earthquakes in 1009, 1017, and 1176.

It was not till shortly after this last visitation that Affonso Henriques, first King of Portugal, assisted by English and Flemish crusaders, captured the castle, and added Lisbon to the kingdom of Portugal. Dom Affonso Henriques came down from the north with his warriors, native and alien, under a banner, white with a blue cross, the colours which have since so often led Portuguese armies to victory, Portuguese ships to the conquest of distant countries.

Lisbon then grew apace; the Moors, who submitted to Christian rule, lived below the castle which they had gallantly defended; houses sprang up outside, and busy life teemed in the narrow streets. The importance of the town increased yet more when Affonso III. brought his court hither from Coimbra towards the middle of the thirteenth century, and all went well for a while, though earthquakes caused consternation in 1344 and 1356. Trouble, luckily short-lived, came when in 1373, during the reign of Dom Fernando I., Henry of Castile destroyed the town, a large part of which lay without the walls. But peace was soon concluded with the King of Spain, and Dom Fernando set about to enclose the town with an enceinte of towers and strong walls.

The palmiest days of Lisbon were those which followed the discovery of the sea-way to India; great wealth poured into the city, and luxury increased with fabulous wealth. But it was short-lived, the prosperity of Portugal began to decline in the reign of Dom João III., and with the sad fate of Dom Sebastião went Lisbon's high estate. After years of prosperity, years during which Portugal's word was law to countries of far greater extent, to nations far more numerous, a rash young King, Sebastião, hurried his country into ruin by a fantastic expedition, destined to tear Morocco from the Moors. The King fell in battle, with him the flower of his chivalry.

Of those who survived but few returned, the remainder lingered on through years of slavery. The people of Portugal refused to believe that their King had perished; they held that he still lived in hiding on some unknown island out in the western sea. Are those sounds, borne on the breeze that heralds the rising sun, the sighs of those who, in those troubled days, went up to St. Catherine's Height to gaze with wistful eyes out to seaward? "Ver navios do Alto de Santa Catherina" ("to see the ships return, from St. Catherine's Height") is now a Portuguese proverb suggesting a hopeless longing.

A shrill whistle breaks into our dreams, another day has dawned on Lisbon—the loud-voiced siren of the Arsenal proclaims the fact. A new day, balmy and bright; no trace of last night's tempest, except that the streets have a more washed appearance than usual. Holiday-makers should be abroad betimes in the morning, not so much as a matter of principle, but because it is a good and pleasant thing to do. It is also necessary if you would see every phase of the life of the people you visit. We shall have some nights out, too, that the Holiday-maker promises you—rare nights out, and as much fun as Lisbon can offer.

In the meantime the early morning has much of interest to show you. Pass out of the Rua do Arsenal, going east, and you come to Black Horse

Square, properly called the Praça do Commercio. Why so called is hard to say; the only evidence of commercial enterprise is centred in several small kiosks where you may buy cigars and cigarettes. Nor do the gentlemen who hover about this open space suggest any kind of business. The place certainly deserves the name given to it by Englishmen, Black Horse Square, for a big equestrian statue stands in it. This statue, which is a very fine specimen of eighteenth-century art, was erected in 1775 by a grateful town to the King, Dom José I., and his able Minister, the Marquis of Pombal. The reason for gratitude was the help given by the Monarch and his Minister to those who had suffered in the awful earthquake which visited the city some years before the monument was erected.

Enclosing the square to east and westward are Government offices, ministries, and such-like haunts of mystery. To southward a low parapet shuts off the open space from the river, here at its broadest. An opening in the parapet leads down by shallow steps to the water's edge, where tugs and small boats draw up to land passengers, mostly country folk, from the opposite bank.

From the north side of the square broad streets lead into the town, but with these the Holiday-maker is not at present concerned. He dives into a street, the Rua da Alfandega, leading east, and stops for

THE SANDS AT MONT ESTORIL.

a moment before a handsome doorway, on the left-hand side. This is the arched entrance, beautifully carved in stone, leading into the church of "Conceição Velha," rebuilt on the ruins of that of "Nossa Senhora de Misericordia," founded by Dom Manoel I., whose reign evolved and brought to perfection the design named after him, of which this doorway is a fine specimen. Near by are narrow streets of mean houses. Some of these date back to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; they escaped the fate of many others that went down in the great earthquake or were consumed by fire. One or the other of these old houses is adorned with stone carving, a three-masted ship under full sail—often a work of art—and this betokened in former days that the house was the property of the city.

Among these old houses one stands out above its fellows with a particular emphasis. Its front offers no usual smooth surface—each stone composing it has been fined down into a point which protrudes in menacing manner; and these serried ranks of points have given the house its name of "Casa dos Bicos." Legend could not pass by here without weaving some romance round this quaint mansion—has, in fact, been generous, and given choice of several different tales. One says that this house was built by a very rich man, who said that he meant to set a diamond in the point of each stone. Such display of opulence

met with the displeasure of the King; he would not suffer the erection of any mansion richer than a royal palace; the building was therefore not allowed to rise beyond one storey in height. Another tale tells of a negro queen who lived here when Dom Manoel the Fortunate was King. She brought many diamonds, and had them concealed in the sharp pointed stones. Detractors doubted the genuineness of those diamonds, yet for a while the house was called the Casa Riquissima. Yet another version has it that the King did not interfere with the owner, who set a false diamond into the point of every stone about the ground floor. Whether royalty in the person of a negro queen lived in this ancient edifice or not, goodly company assembled here no doubt when Dom Braz d'Albuquerque, natural son of the great Affonso d'Albuquerque, Viceroy of India, lived in this house among many other nobles who made this their quarter after the Jews had been expelled in 1497. Before that, this was the Jewish quarter of Lisbon, and it is said that their synagogue stood on the site now occupied by the Church of "Conceição Velha."

The sight of two ancient arches, remains of Lisbon's old fortifications, leads to thoughts of more modern methods of offence and defence, a study of which is offered at the Artillery Museum. A rich and interesting collection awaits holiday-makers here; weapons,

arms, of all nations and ages ; flags and banners, under which men went to victory or defended their rights and liberty ; relics of historic personages, records of famous names, that add a touch of personal interest, and spare spaces are filled up with clever paintings, by Portuguese painters, recording historic events.

These records of historic events arouse a desire to visit historic places, and of these one is within easy reach. Up the hillside, through narrow streets, the way leads past the old cathedral. Very old indeed, so old that the date of its foundation is unknown. Some trace it back to the days of Diocletian, which seems improbable, as that Emperor persecuted Christians. Others place its birth in the reign of Constantine the Great, and yet others ascribe it to Leovegilde, King of the Visigoths, over two centuries later. There seems to be sufficient reason to suppose that this church was repaired and added to by the Bishop of Seville in the reign of Reccarede, son of Leovegilde. The Arabs then converted it into a mosque, and Affonso Henriques re-established the old worship when he captured the city, and undertook repairs. These repairs are still in progress, and show no signs of freeing the stern Romanesque front from the unlovely scaffolding that disfigures it.

The interior of the cathedral is interesting and imposing. Here, in one of the chapels, St. Vincent the Martyr lies buried, and in the chancel Dom

Affonso IV. and Dona Brites, his wife. Behind the cathedral are the cloisters, a secluded old-world spot with broken Gothic arches showing through the branches of flowering shrubs. Here, in the centre of the cloisters, stands a cage containing two ravens. These, too, contribute to the pious memory of the saint, and for this reason. King Affonso, after driving the Moors headlong into the sea, discovered the remains of the saint in a forest near Cape St. Vincent. They had been concealed by the Christians during the Moorish occupation, and ravens kept watch over them. The sacred relics were then conveyed with all reverence in a ship to Lisbon, by the King's command, but two ravens refused to be relieved from their high office, perched on the mast, and so escorted the saint on his last journey. Now two ravens, caged indeed, are still in attendance, and two ravens with a ship are embodied in the arms of Lisbon city. These sacred birds have since that time become responsible for many miracles, all of which are recorded in a series of pictures on the thirteenth-century tiles, blue and white, which line the walls of the cathedral. Of late years the wonder-working power of the ravens has been less apparent; but the old cathedral, hidden by scaffolding, still enshrines the saint; prayers are breathed round his tomb, and on the Church's high feast-days volumes of glorious sound roll forth from the organ and flood the ancient

building, float round the massive masonry, over the throne from which Affonso, Portugal's first King, administered justice, call forth the spirit of worship of endless generations out of the stones, linger lovingly in the chapels where rest the mighty dead—and find answer in the croak of a raven.

Out into the daylight, away from the deserted sanctuary, whither even divine music fails to draw present-day mortals, into the street which winds up to the castle. Just beyond the cathedral, to the right, stands a building with barred windows, through which come appeals for alms from prisoners, for this is a prison, the Cadeia do Limoeiro, which was once the Royal Palace of Moeda. Dom Fernando lived here; he died in 1383. Dom João I., Master of the Order of Aviz, of whom more anon, here murdered Count d'Andeiro, lover of Queen Léonora, wife of Fernando I. Dom João's children lived here also, and this was for a while called the Palace of the Infants. Dom Manoel installed the High Court of Justice here. Now ignominy clothes the place, and hapless prisoners stretch out begging hands through the iron gratings.

A last short climb through narrow, squalid alleys, and a space opens out before us; here, surrounded by strong walls and stout towers, stands Castello S. Jorge, called so in honour of England's patron saint, who inspired English knights to fight for the Cross against the Moors of Portugal. Little is left

of Roman work, though here and there a trace shows through. The Moors, during four hundred years of occupation, added considerably to the strength and extent of this old stronghold; the citadel is their work, and so are barbican and cistern. It was on the north side that the Crusaders gained access, through the heroism of one man. Martin Moniz,[1] by some means unknown, induced the Moors to open the gate; he thrust his body into the opening, and was crushed to death when the defenders endeavoured to close the gate. But the gate would not close, Affonso's army forced their way in over Martin's mangled body, and the Castello S. Jorge has been Portuguese ever since.

The old castle still serves military purposes; troops are quartered here, and active Caçadores go about their business. They are well housed and well fed, and, it appears, not overworked, though no doubt they are trained to meet modern requirements.

Walk round the ancient ramparts, and a glorious panorama lies at your feet. To northward you look to the far-away hills; below you lies the busy city, with its two hundred churches, broad avenues, busy thoroughfares, and narrow alleys. To eastward on another height rise the twin towers of another ancient shrine, the Church of S. Vincente de Fora, originally raised by Dom Affonso Henriques after the taking

[1] The Portuguese Arnold von Winkelried.

of Lisbon. Then in 1582 Philip II. of Spain, I. of Portugal, caused the present building to be constructed as see of the Cardinal-Patriarch of Lisbon. In the adjoining palace, the patriarchal residence, some glorious works of art have recently been discovered—two paintings in tryptich form, the work of Nunez Gonçalves, a Portuguese painter of pre-Raphaelite days ; they represent scenes from the life of St. Vincent, and are great in design and beautiful in colour.

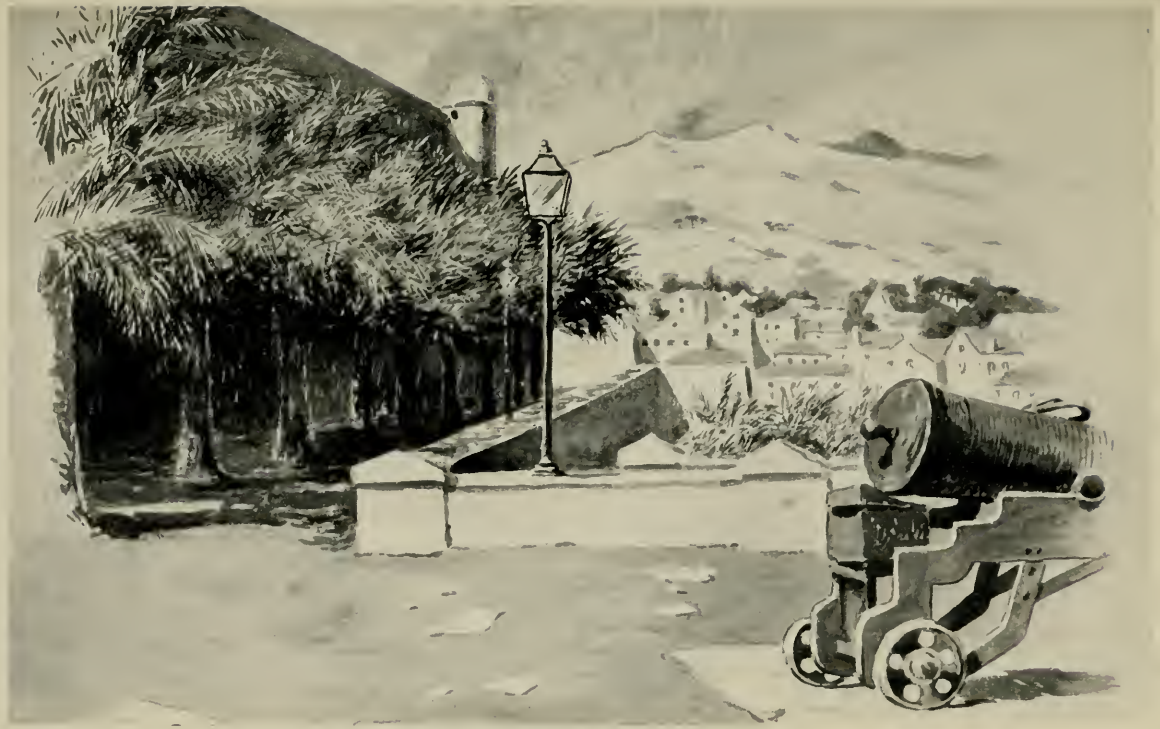
Below are cloisters, and here, in a large, gloomy vault, rest the later monarchs and royal princes of Portugal. Dom João V. is the first in order ; a long reign his—from 1706 to 1750. Dom Pedro II., Emperor of Brazil, who died in 1891, and his wife Dona Theresa, lie here. Dom Carlos and his son Dom Luis Filippe rest here under wreaths of faded flowers, while the last King of Portugal lives in exile.

CHAPTER IV

FEW cities of Europe are so favourably situated as Lisbon, both for business and pleasure. The Tagus, opening out into a vast harbour immediately in front of the town, invites business, the equitable climate and pleasant surroundings conduce to enjoyment of life. No wonder then that, so fortunately situated and under such favourable conditions, Lisbon has developed into the capital of the country; its population, 357,000, is more than double that of Oporto.

The ordinary holiday-maker does not trouble his head about the details of commercial enterprise in the countries he visits. As a rule business seems much the same in any large town. At an early hour crowds of workmen fill the streets, trams, etc., and melt away into factories; at a later hour the brain-workers hurry to their different offices. Between twelve and two these latter are to be seen again diving into restaurants, and at about five in the afternoon both classes of workers again fill the streets, dispersing by tram or train in various directions.

Lisbon is no exception to this rule, the only



THE SERRA OF CINTRA, FROM CASCAES FORT.

difference being that there is not so much evidence of hurry as the northerner is used to. The business quarter lies all around Black Horse Square, which is plentifully sprinkled throughout the day with *dégagé* gentlemen who evidently have no business and do not want any. This also may be seen in most large towns, but not everywhere will you find such a pleasant place to loaf in as this sun-bathed square, with the beautiful view over the broad harbour. Round three sides of the square are Government offices, and in the arcades under the offices, especially on the northern side, business is done in a leisurely manner. Banks, agencies, shops, line the streets that run from Black Horse Square to the Rocio and those at right angles to them. Business extends along the river-side and climbs up at least one hill, that on which stands the Place de Camões, with the poet's statue looking down the broad Chiado, as the Rua Garrett is called by all but strangers to the place. Turning to the left, the Rua do Carmo leads down to the Rocio, where again much the same is to be seen as in Black Horse Square.

But Lisbon has its picturesque business specialities, incorporated in what the intelligent traveller calls "types." The fish-wife has already been described; another interesting personage is the man who has turkeys, live ones, to sell, and drives them from house to house through the streets—a rather anxious task.

Another sight peculiar to the city is that of cows, mostly black-and-white, also being taken from house to house, and milked on the doorstep while a poor little muzzled calf looks on unhappily. Goats, too, perambulate the streets in the same line of business —their progress is more eventful, but often wanting in dignity. Besides this peripatetic dairy business there are establishments called "vacharia," where more black-and-white cows are stabled in scrupulous cleanliness, ready to be milked at any time of day or night.

Lisbon offers much the same forms of amusement as the traveller can get elsewhere on the Continent; the only item which is not to be found anywhere else than here and in neighbouring Spain is the bull-fight, and that does not take place in winter. The inhabitants of Lisbon take their pleasure in driving or strolling round the Avenida da Liberdade, a very fine open place, which is beautiful when, at the beginning of April, the Judas-trees break into blossom. Cafés and restaurants are thronged by pleasure-seekers between five and seven of an evening. Another form of amusement, patronised by men only, is to stand in the doorway of one of the many shops in the Rua Aurea or the Rocio, and passively obstruct the passage of those who wish to enter for some legitimate purpose.

There is no great choice of cafés. Martinho's,

close to the Central Station, and looking down the Rocio, is about the best, and may rank as first-class. But it is very often quite deserted, and this reacts on would-be merry-makers. Even during carnival this restaurant, so advantageously situated, fails to draw anything like good custom, very probably because there are so few of the good-customer class left. You may have dined as well as is possible in Lisbon (and the chef of the Bragança Hotel will make it possible if he meets with sufficient appreciation); you may have visited the Theatre Dona Maria, which blocks the north side of the Rocio, and with a carefully chosen party watched the carnival frolics from a box; you may even have taken part in the rioting, firing paper darts by means of blowpipes, squirting scent out of tubes, and then, feeling ready for supper, have returned to Martinho's to find the large dining-hall upstairs empty, but for a sleepy waiter or two.

Yet another restaurant, the claims of which to be of first-class rank may be admitted, is Tavares in the Rua de San Roque. The chef knows his business, and the management knows how to charge; but the chief attraction, for some, rests in the row of little *chambres séparées*. It is only the intimate sound of the French phrase that appeals to the merry-maker who visits Tavares, for the little chambers are entirely without that subtle atmosphere, expressed in a know-

ing touch here and there, which gives its meaning to the phrase *chambre séparée.*

There are cafés and restaurants in the business quarter of the town, some of them the favourite luncheon resorts of business men. Of these the most attractive-looking is the Lisbon, in the Rua San Julião; nearly opposite is the Electrico, also much frequented by Englishmen, and deservedly so; yet further on in the same street the Café Oriental, which unostentatiously offers the best of cheer. Casual visitors to Lisbon seldom discover these little places of refreshment, where good food is to be had at very reasonable rates. Of an evening these restaurants are deserted, but life of a kind centres round others in the neighbourhood of the Hôtel Central, cafés where the younger, giddier travellers see what they think is "life," to the sound of a well-meaning if misguided orchestra.

The cinematograph is as popular in Lisbon as elsewhere; the performances differ only in breadth of treatment from those to be seen in London, and attract full houses every evening. Other theatres are not so well attended. The Opera has had to close down altogether, owing to the absence of the Court and of those who lived thereby. The "Colyseu" gives opera occasionally—it is a large building, bare, and none too clean, occasionally also used as a circus. Here a Portuguese audience may be heard, not to

advantage, in untutored criticism, or in a still less pleasant applause. These manifestations, breaking out when in one of the older operas soprano and tenor have struggled through intricate duet up to their respective high notes, come almost as a relief; they are singularly irritating when interrupting the graceful flow of Puccini's artistic realism.

A part of the same building offers food for reflection to the more serious-minded—the premises of the Geographical Society. Here it is possible to realise how great a part Portugal played in history. Stone pillars, which served as landmarks for the sea-farers down the coast of Africa, stand here, amidst trophies of war and peace, gathered from many lands. A large map shows the course pursued by those bold navigators who built up Portugal's colonial empire; relics are here of—

> Arms and the heroes signalised in fame,
> Who from the western Lusitanian shore,
> Beyond e'en Taprobana, smiling came,
> O'er seas that ne'er had traversed been before;
> Harassed with war and dangers without name,
> Beyond what seemed of human prowess bore,
> Raised a new kingdom midst a distant clime,
> Which afterwards they rendered so sublime.[1]

A glance at that big map shows that much of Portugal's former empire yet remains. There are the Cape Verde Islands, and São Thomé, off the coast of

[1] Camões.

Africa, along which Bartholomeu Dias felt his way, till he reached the Great Fish River, where the coast-line bears from east to north-east. On the mainland along the route lies the Portuguese colony of Guinea ; then, beyond the point where Bartholomeu Dias went about, is the territory of Mozambique. Here, on March 2, 1498, Vasco da Gama's ships dropped anchor, and laid the foundations of yet another colony. Then, after some delay, Vasco da Gama sailed on to eastward, reached Calicut, and so paved the way for Portuguese expansion in India. Many of Portugal's colonial possessions have passed into other hands, yet, what with those already mentioned, with Goa, Macao, Taypas, Timor, and Kambing, over seventeen million people are subject to the new Republic which rules over ancient Lusitania with its five million souls.

From Lisbon, as capital of Portugal, the remaining colonies are governed ; down by the Arsenal the Ministry of Marine directs the war fleet which serves Portuguese interests on those high-sea ways discovered by Portuguese mariners. Here in Lisbon is the brain that directs colonial operations and the policing of countries over-seas far larger than old Lusitania. Here are the headquarters of Portugal's armed forces, and here troops of all sorts are garrisoned. "Lanceiros," with fluttering red lance-pennants, lie out near Belem, another regiment of

cavalry lie close by. Both men and horses seem to be quite useful material, the latter of different breeds—Portuguese horses with racy Arab heads, high, thick crest, and round rump, some marked with the brand of the royal stud at Alter. Spanish horses there are, much like the native breed, but coarser about the head; Argentines that look better than they are; with here and there an Irishman, often better than he looks.

The men are well housed, well fed, and appear happy and content. Their dormitories are large and airy, every man has ample room about his bed; above it on a shelf lie his accoutrements, his kit in a black leather knapsack, and under it his box, holding private property. The kitchens are scrupulously clean, the food is of good quality and plentiful, and, finally, amusement is provided in the form of games, football, quoits, etc., under an officer's supervision.

A great improvement in military matters is about to be introduced. Up till now it was usual for conscripts who could afford it to purchase a substitute for military service; thus only the very poor filled the ranks of the army. Now every one, without distinction, will be obliged to serve his country if called upon to do so, and this will have far-reaching effects. It will raise the status of the soldier to the honourable position it merits, and will

bring all classes together in a common bond of interest. The greatest value of this innovation lies in its educational possibilities. It should tend to stifle the individual egotism so strongly evident in the Portuguese of to-day—an egotism which, degenerated into petty personal vanity, has prevented many a man of capability from taking part in the public life of his country. This exaggerated, unwholesome individualism has eaten into the heart of the nation, almost destroying the sense of solidarity which leads public-spirited men of other nations to devote some of their time and energy, at least, to the welfare of the community. If this decree anent military service has not come too late, it will do more than all the rhetoric of sages and poets, whether they stand as such openly before their fellows or go disguised as politicians; it will do more than all revolutionary education, if it can still teach the rising generation that they belong to their country rather than their country to them, that they owe a duty, and should perform it, before claiming the full privileges of citizenship.

Again, in Lisbon, as capital, centres that side of life described as "the Press." "The Press" is said to mirror the life of a nation, to express its many, varying opinions, to educate, to lead, in fact, to be all things to all men. Optimists among those whose labours are devoted to this mighty engine,

LEIRIA.

CASCAES BAY.

"the Press," will tell you that there are countries where this ideal is realised. They may, according to nationality, even name the happy country where such a state prevails, and lead trusting travellers into the dismal region of disappointment. There may be even in Portugal some such local optimists who find their "Press" performing all the miracles expected of it; who may assert that their "Press" has been impartial, fair, and inclined to lend an ear to every shade of opinion, since the Republic introduced Liberty into Portugal. Do not those very servants of the goddess Liberty, Ministers of the new and free Republic, assist in the good work by influencing, each man, one or the other daily paper? That all these papers should happen to be of Republican spirit, that there no longer exists a publication representing the obsolete opinions that prevailed up to the 5th of October, 1910, are no doubt facts which prove the fulfilment of "Press ideals." And as to the educational value of the "Press"! Does it not describe in words, show in pictures, how bombs are manufactured, how even the unlettered may fashion formidable weapons to defend their newborn Liberty against "Law and Order"?

In spite of the "Equality" bred of Liberty, there are yet in Portugal those, not leaders of political thought, who stand above their fellows, and this by virtue of their own merits, aided by gifts of the gods. For

here in Lisbon the artistic life of the nation is reviving. For all such matters as ancient art in Portugal the traveller should turn to museums, such as that of the Fine Arts at Janellas Verdes, where there is much of artistic merit. There is sculpture, there are marvellous pieces of furniture, there are many pictures of very unequal value, there are drawings of much merit by Sequeira, a great Portuguese artist of former days. But more interesting is the art of the present. Under that genial monarch, Dom Carlos, the art of painting took a new lease of life in Portugal. Dom Carlos, himself a master, encouraged others by his works; Dona Amelia, his wife, has executed delicate little drawings, notably those illustrating a book describing the beauties of the Palace of Cintra. Under such influence others attained the recognition their skill and industry merited: Carlo Reis, whose palette glows with the colours with which the sun of Portugal decks the landscape, whose canvas shows a homely scene of Portuguese life or a stirring episode in his country's history; Columbano Bordallo Pinheiro and his clever portraits, and others of the rising generation. Then a very ancient art, brought by the Moors into Portugal, lives again under the hands of Jorge Colaço, the art of making decorative tiles, "azuleja,"[1] an art

[1] DERIVATION: *Azulejo* from Arab *azzalujo*, a word derived from *zallaja*, which means "united, bound together and plain, even," not from *azul*, meaning "blue," the prevalent colour, though old tiles and Jorge

which has recorded history—as in the palace at Cintra. There in the council-hall or hall of audience, where Dom Sebastião assembled his council to consult on the subject of the expedition to Africa, a throne-like chair of azuleja, and a bench of the same—recall tales out of Holy Writ ; so also those in the cloisters of San Vincente. In humbler form they decorate Portuguese houses outside and in. In this artist's studio you may see tiles set up into pictures, showing vivid scenes of history or legend, knights and paladins, and charging squadrons of Arab horsemen.

The musical life of the nation cannot be said to centre on the capital, as music, national music, is diffused all over the country, and Lisbon, during the concert season, offers much the same fare as other capitals. Modern Portuguese music is yet in its infancy, and does not promise anything particularly interesting.

The songs that are sung by the people have a peculiar charm of their own ; they are rather melancholy, and some would be monotonous but for their subtle pathos. They are seldom to be found in print, and the accompaniment is generally left to the player's discretion. The words are frequently

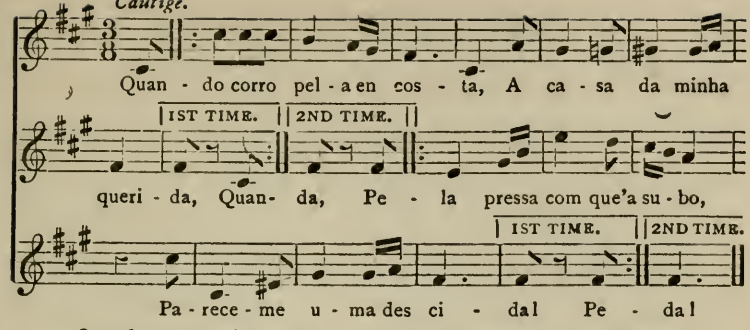
Colaço's work show many lovely colours. "O azulejo é uma expressão da alma Portugueza," Conde de Sabugosa, in O Paço de Cintra. Illustrated by Sua Magestade a Rainha A Senhora Dona Amelia. Azulejo is seen to best advantage at Cintra Palace, from genuine Arab in the Sala das Sereias and da Galé, to the modern ones of the Sala dos Brases and the bath.

impromptu, as are those of the second song given on the opposite page. The first is also a love-song of the light-hearted student order.

There is yet another feature of Portuguese life also to be witnessed in Lisbon which it is difficult to classify. It is either an art or an amusement, frequently a combination of both, though the seriousness of art preponderates in some instances—love-making.

Love-making, unlike other arts, is in Portugal performed in public—it is this fact possibly which makes some performers regard it as amusement. The first steps are taken in very public places, during that apparently aimless perambulation of the Rua Aurea, the Rocio, the Avenida, of an afternoon. The cavaliers whose self-imposed task appears to be that of supporting the doorposts of tobacco-shops are really engaged in pursuit of this art, or amusement if you are pleased to term it so. They scan the damsels that pass by with the critical eye of a cavalry colonel inspecting remounts; they take careful stock of all the many beauties paraded for inspection. When they find one who fulfils as many requirements as one poor mortal maiden may, Eros is permitted to light his torch, set fire to the gallant's ready affections, and irradiate the road to matrimony. It is a long and seemingly tedious road. The next step is an impassioned letter from the swain to the damsel; if she be "willing," like Barkiss—and this is said to

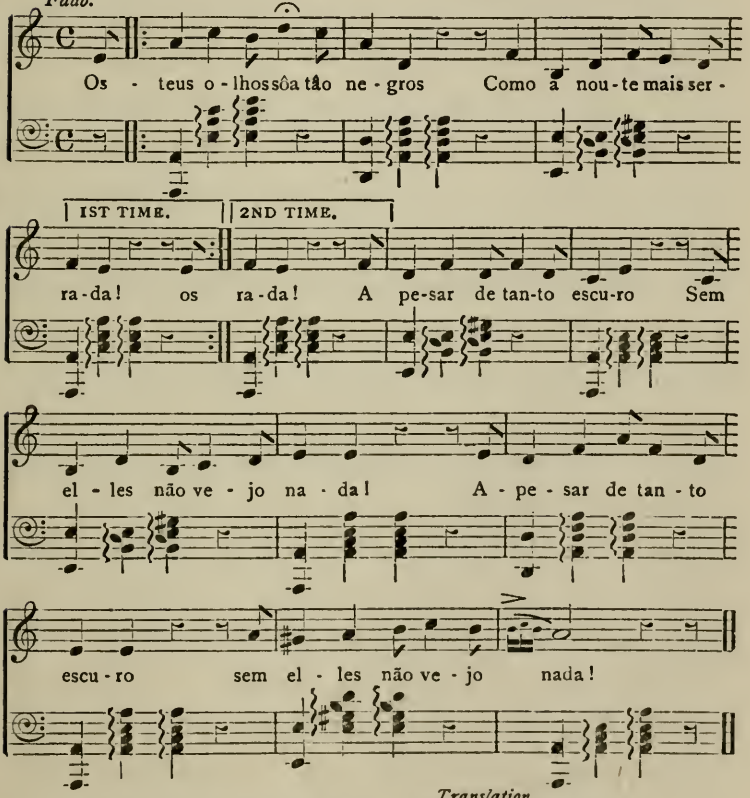
Cautige.



Quando corro pela encosta
A casa de minha querida
Pela pressa com que a subo
Parece-me uma descida.

Mas depois, a retirada
Tenho tempo de sentir
Que a tel en cost'a descer
Custa mais do que a subir.

Fado.



Os teus olhos sâo tão negros
Como a noute mais serrada!
Apesar de ~~tanto~~ escuros
Sem elles não vejo nada!

Translation.

Thine eyes are as black
As the darkest night
Yet despite their darkness
Without them I can see nothing.

tão

be not unusual, meetings are arranged—not clandestine, mind you, no "meet me by moonlight alone"! The donna has most likely informed her cavalier, in a letter borne by quite the right sort of duenna, that she will be at her window at a certain time of an evening. The ardent swain then appears under the window, and breathes soft nothings up into the heaven that acts as setting to the twin stars he worships, has to breathe quite hard if the lady's chamber be on the third floor. The breathing turns to gurgling in rainy weather; but is the dripping swain discouraged?—never! The lady urges him to withdraw, lest he catch his death of cold. "Then," quoth the lover, "there is nothing for me but the Alto de San João" (the cemetery): "will you accompany me thither?" "Com muito gusto!" ("With the greatest pleasure"), from the gracious lady.

You may call in the sister arts to attend your wooing—a mandoline or a guitar may prove helpful and add considerably to the entertainment of the neighbours; but then you must play really well, if you do not wish to invite criticism. Mandoline and guitar are suitable only for starlit nights; they are non-effective in the rain. It is also ill-advised to warble, or attempt to, with a cold in your head—the result is never satisfactory; it again provokes criticism, even ridicule, and young love, being a tender plant, is like to die under such treatment.

When the swain has at last secured the parents' invitation to enter the house, after much patient waiting under the windows, a condition called *namoro* links the lovers, and is expressed by their sitting close together, like love-birds, while family life goes on undisturbed around them. The lady does not speak to any other man, not a near relation, under these circumstances, and it is to be supposed that the swain behaves in like manner to other ladies.

The next move is "engagement," towards which the swain contributes no direct effort. He does not ask the parent's consent, but gets his mother to consult with his prospective mother-in-law. If he has no mother living, he entrusts this interesting mission to a sister, or a cousin, or an aunt, whichever of these dear relations appears to be more liberally endowed with those useful qualities, peculiar to the sex, suitable to the occasion.

If the ladies fail to agree, nothing more is said, and the same manœuvres are executed in relation to some other damsel, beginning in the street, ending in the boudoir. If all is agreeably settled, marriage follows in due course; then subsequent happiness depends not on the stars and the moonlight, nor on auxiliary Muses, but on a capacity for devoted co-operation, through severer trials than wet feet, until the journey ends at the "Alto de San João."

CHAPTER V

WHEELED traffic offers more variety in Lisbon than in many other capitals of Europe. Modern traffic is very much in evidence ; motor-cars of all makes hoot their way through crowds of leisurely pedestrians ; electric trams, turning sharp corners with grinding sound of wheels, urge stately coaches to give them free passage, by means of an emphatic bell. The coaches oblige, and with more expedition than do the pirate tram-cars, already described. These coaches are a link with the past. They rumble rather heavily over the stone pavement, drawn by horses decked out in a brave display of plated harness. The coachman is generally a typical Portuguese servant, with long side-whiskers, and he urges his steeds to high stepping rather than to speed. The horses are of the breed that figures in paintings of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, having small heads and round rumps, wavy flowing tails, arched crests and waving manes, and so much action that pace has to suffer ; but dignity is maintained. Very imposing are funeral processions.

A VILLA AT CASCAES.

In very special cases the hearse is drawn by black high-stepping horses decked out in sable cloths, sable plumes waving between their ears. People of less importance take their last journey drawn by mules, generally grey ones ; they are not high-steppers, and long grey ears protruding loosely out of a black head-covering detract from the solemnity of the occasion.

Yet more primitive vehicles roll through the streets of Lisbon, plain box-like carts on solid wooden wheels, of a design unchanged since Roman times. These carts have a talent, far more pronounced than that of the pirate tram, for getting in the way and impeding traffic ; the drivers are as impervious to objurgation as the oxen that draw these obstructive conveyances.

These varied forms of vehicles make up the daily pageant of the streets. A yet more curious pageant of the kind awaits us as we hurry westward by electric tram along the Rua Vinte e Quatro de Julho, which, being interpreted, means the 24th of July, a day on which something important happened according to Portuguese opinion, but what it was the Holiday-maker has never discovered—no one he asked could tell him.

The road leads westward towards the sea, and might well be more attractive, for much that could make it so is here. To right hand are occasional

open spaces, the Praça de Marquez Sá de Bandeira, Praça de D. Truiz, prettily laid out with grass-bordered flower-beds under palm trees and flowering shrubs; but this is the only attempt to make the place attractive. Once a scheme was approved which would have made this unlovely road into a beautiful "Avenida," a beginning even was made, but the matter was dropped, and now waste spaces, disorder, dirt, unlovely sheds and stores act as broken foreground to the river and the hills beyond. No doubt others have thought the same on driving down the Rua Vinte e Quatro de Julho: goodly company has passed here: King Alfonso XIII. of Spain, and William II., German Emperor, both on their way to the Royal Palace of Belem, where till quite recently Royal visitors were lodged. The latter of these guests must surely have regretted such waste of space. What an opportunity offers here for a Portuguese "Siéges-Allée," with rows of statues of "everybody who was anybody!" Royal visits are probably a thing of the past since monarchy was swept out of Portugal; so the Palace of Belem, built in 1700, and bought by King John V. from the Count of Aveiras, will have to content itself with memories of other days, while crumbling to decay under Republican auspices.

There are other memories of King John V. in this neighbourhood. Close by the old palace

is a museum which contains a number of Royal coaches, many of which date from the reign of John V., 1706-50. There is one, for instance, presented by the Sovereign Pontiff to that king; two others which were used for his nuptials with Princess Maria Sophia, of Neuburg; another stately coach conveyed D. Rodrigo de Menezes, as Ambassador to Rome, to visit Pope Clement XI., in the reign of King John V. This sovereign had got other coaches suitable for all occasions, and of these two are singularly fine specimens of the taste of that period. It was an acquired taste, borrowed from France, whose King, "Le Roi Soleil," Louis XIV., was the example King John V. of Portugal had ever before his eyes. The two coaches referred to are called triumphal coaches.

The history of Portugal is unfortunately silent on the subject of this monarch's triumphs. His country was at peace with all the world during this reign of forty-four years, and was rich and prosperous, owing to the colonisation of Brazil. Perhaps it was the triumph of the arts of peace which had to be celebrated in processions of triumphal cars. Or were personal conquests thus recorded—battles of *beaux yeux*, so frequent in those pseudo-gallant days? The carved and gilded figures on the triumphal cars are well suited to commemorate such victories.

The gradual development of the coach is rather

well illustrated in this museum. A coach which Dom Philip II. of Portugal, III. of Spain, left behind him is the oldest in the collection. The body of this vehicle is hung on huge leather straps instead of springs. It is furnished sumptuously within; the seating is so arranged that there is room for two passengers on either side of the coach, as well as fore and after seats, so that all sat with their feet inside the well. Later coaches provided seats for servants on the footboard; the leather straps were supplemented by springs, which finally, by the middle of the eighteenth century, were trusted with the sole support of the body of the coach.

Harness of heavy leather, richly embossed, chased with gold or silver, hangs in glass cases round the walls of the museum. These exhibits are eloquent of travel in former days, of days when possibly the roads in Portugal were worse than they are to-day in places, when stout horses, six or eight in pairs, conveyed Royalty and dignitaries of Church or State on pompous business or leisurely pleasure.

But a little farther, beyond this collection of coaches, sedan chairs, harness, and other relics of an age when Portugal appeared prosperous, but was really decadent, rises a memorial to the time of Portugal's greatness, the church and monastery of St. Mary of Belem (Bethlehem). It stands in its wonderful grace and beauty on the site of a more

THE SERRA OF CINTRA FROM MARINHA.

ancient building, the monastery and chapel of Our Lady of Restello, founded by Prince Henry the Navigator, and given to the Order of Christ, of which the Prince was Grand Master.

Those were great days in the history of Portugal, the opening days of an epoch that brought about a gradual but complete change in the history of the world. Portugal had risen during three centuries of strife out of obscurity to a place in the council of nations. The work begun by Affonso I. in the first half of the twelfth century, the task of ridding Portugal of the Moors, carried on by successive sovereigns, was accomplished with the conquest of the Algarves when Affonso III. was King.

Portugal then began to develop its resources, in peace, under King Diniz[1] the Farmer, who succeeded Affonso IV., till Fernando, last of the Alphonsian dynasty, died without male issue in 1383. His only daughter, Beatrize, had married John I., King of Castile, who now came to claim the throne of Portugal. But the Portuguese Cortes, assembled at Coimbra, took a step much in advance of the spirit of the time (or perhaps reminiscent of early Teuton influence), and, declaring the nation's right to choose its ruler, proclaimed King Pedro's bastard son, Dom João, Master of the Order of Avis, King of Portugal.

[1] Denis, Dionysius.

Dom João beat the Spanish invader in several battles, and founded a new dynasty, which brought Portugal to the zenith of its fame, but ended in disaster. Dom João, King John I., married Philippa of Lancaster, John of Gaunt's daughter, who presented him with four sons. Of these the most striking personality—at least, looking down the long vista of close on five centuries—was Henry the Navigator; the least known of them was Affonso, Duke of Brazança, the founder of the dynasty which severed its connection with Portugal when King Manuel II. fled before a revolted section of his people.

The Moors had been driven from Portugal, yet the old crusading spirit lived on, burned fiercely, and urged the men of Portugal to carry the Cross yet farther. The sea that dashed against the rock-bound coast had no terrors for the generation which was beginning to feel the spirit of the Renaissance. The legends that hung round mysterious distant lands were becoming discredited by the results of voyages of discovery. The Canary Islands and Madeira emerged from the mist of legend to figure definitely on the careful charts, embellished still with drawings of fearsome monsters of the deep. The coast of Africa was becoming more familiar, and rumour spoke of yet more distant countries to which the adventurous sons of Portugal felt strongly drawn.

Foremost among these was Prince Henry the Navigator, Master of the Order of Christ, Duke of Vizeu, Lord of Covilha, and Governor of the Algarve.

All these titles had Prince Henry earned by energy and devotion to duty since he won his spurs at the siege of Ceuta, the first stronghold wrested from the Moors in Africa. This may have given rise to thoughts of a Portuguese empire beyond the seas, may have given the Prince the line he followed without deviation. The powerful order of which he was Grand Master found the means necessary for further expeditions down the coast of Africa, for planting colonies and establishing factories, and from his chamber at Sagres, close by Cape St. Vincent, where the Atlantic seems to stretch away into eternity, Prince Henry ordered and guided these many enterprises. His work was continued after his death in 1460 by the Order of Christ. Stage by stage Portuguese mariners moved farther south along the coast of Africa. Eleven years after Prince Henry's death, Portuguese ships crossed the Equator; in 1482, when John II. reigned, Diego Cão reached the mouth of the Congo, and again in 1485 Cape Cross. Bartholomeu Dias carried the red cross of the Order of Christ round the Cape of Good Hope as far as the Great Fish River in 1487, and prepared the way for one yet greater,

Vasco da Gama, the hero of Portugal's great epic, the Lusiadas:

> I sing a daring Lusitanian name,
> O'er Neptune and o'er Mars to rule ordained;
> Cease all the ancient Muse to sing was wont,
> For other valour wears a bolder front.[1]

Prince Henry, the Order of Christ, and their mariners had all contributed towards the great event about to happen. King John was succeeded by—

> Manoel,
> In kingdom, and in lofty thoughts likewise,
> Soon as he undertook the realm to guide,
> He undertook to rule the ocean wide.[1]

And, according to Camões, who writes with the conviction of indisputable authority, King Manuel dreamt a dream—

> At the hour when daylight yields command,
> And all the glittering stars shine forth above,
> Inviting slumber as they circling move.[1]

In this dream Dom Manoel felt himself lifted far above the world to a place whence he could count many worlds and

> Nations of seeming strange and savage foes.[1]

He saw high mountains from which two deep rivers rose and took their course through forests where were many wild birds and beasts. Out of these rivers rose

[1] Camões.

two old men, Indus and Ganges, who advanced towards the King and promised :

> If thy courage to the last be sound,
> With victories unseen, and without fear,
> Thou shalt lay bonds on all thou seest here.[1]

This happened when the King was holding his Court at Estremoz. He sent for his counsellors at once, as soon as he awoke, and discussed the dream. Its meaning was clear — all India was evidently waiting to be discovered and added to the possessions of Manoel the Fortunate. The next step was to find one suited to this great task. Estevão da Gama had already been proposed, but he was dead ; so Dom Manoel summoned the third son, Vasco da Gama, to meet him in audience at Montemor-o-Novo. Thus was Vasco da Gama entrusted with a task the fulfilment of which brought him undying fame. He at once journeyed to Lisbon, carrying with him a silken banner, the red cross of the Order of Christ on a white field, a present from his King. Four ships were lying ready in the Tagus, the *São Gabriel*, which Vasco da Gama chose as his flagship, her sister the *São Raphael*—small ships of not 200 tons each, though they made history—the *Berrio*, a caravel of 50 tons, and a storeship.

On Friday, July 7, 1497, Vasco da Gama and

[1] Camões.

his captains kept vigil in the chapel of Our Lady of Belem till morning, then started in solemn procession, escorted by priests and friars chanting litanies, to the river's edge, which was then much nearer the site of the church than it is to-day. The water's edge was probably nearer the middle of the gardens, with its masses of rose bushes and flowering shrubs, over which wave the graceful palm trees that form such an admirable setting to the church of S. Maria de Belem.

By the river side the multitude knelt down to make a general confession, which was followed by absolution for all those who might lose their lives in this venture. Then Vasco and his men embarked and sailed away, having—

> In fine, prepared the soul for death,
> Which ever stares the sailor in the eyes,
> And for the Power Supreme Who balanceth
> With reverend look alone the ethereal skies.
>
> . . . . .
>
> Parting without the usual farewell,
> Which though of love a custom good and kind,
> Wounds more both him who goes, and stays behind.[1]

Thus Vasco da Gama set out from Belem ; one by one his white sails vanished from sight, and those whose tearful eyes had watched him part, returned home to their own affairs.

But elsewhere Vasco da Gama's intent was arousing

[1] Camões.

interest. The gods on high Olympus were in council. Jove spake :

> Eternal dwellers of the starry pole,
> And of this shining throne partakers all,
> If the great valour and the mighty soul
> Of Lusitania's people ye recall,
> Ye clearly know that by the Fates' control,
> By whose great, sure intent men rise and fall,
> To them must now, forgotten, all give place,
> The Assyrian, Persian, Greek, and Roman race.[1]

Jove evidently favoured the Portuguese, who had with such slender power wrested the country of the Tagus from the strong-armed Moor, a person quite incapable of even elementary polytheism, and who therefore sternly refused to recognise the gods of ancient Lusitania. Therefore stout Vasco and his men should meet with all encouragement, as now—

> In that fragile barque,
> Daring the doubtful sea, they take their course,
> And then, their purpose and their enterprise,
> To view the cradles whence the mornings rise.[1]

Perfect harmony seldom prevailed at the councils of the gods of old. Jupiter's authority was sometimes challenged, however freely he played his thunderbolts; Minerva generally bored him, and certainly failed to sympathise with his views on several interesting questions. Venus was often suspected of being influenced by some intrigue, Mars invariably

[1] Camões.

voted, unreasoning, with Venus, and Bacchus, owing to his pleasant duties, was not always to be relied upon for a coherent statement of opinion. So on this occasion Bacchus expressed himself unfavourably towards the latest Portuguese venture. He was afraid that the Lusitanians would undermine his authority in India; the Fates had said something to that effect. At Nisa, in that far country, people still sang his praises, but would they continue to do so when they were brought face to face with the good example of those sober mariners? Certainly Bacchus was unreasonable, ungrateful, for Portuguese ships had already introduced the wines of Portugal to England and other countries, among nations prepared to worship Bacchus with a thirst which even the gods might envy. Venus, Bacchus, and Mars frequently combined for purposes of amusement and entertainment; on this occasion, however, too important to admit of those courteous little concessions which were half the charm of Olympian society, Venus decided against Bacchus. She was well affected towards the Lusitanian race (and they reciprocate it to this day), for in their language she found but a slight corruption of the Latin tongue, and in their persons all the qualities of ancient Rome. Mars, ever faithful, supported Venus, not only swayed by his devotion, but moved by the merits of a valiant race. He further suggested that Mercury should guide the

CINTRA, THE CORK CONVENT.

expedition, and show them the land where they would learn the course for India, and where the crews might recruit their force. This Jove approved of; Mercury received his orders, and the gods dispersed along the Milky Way, each on his course.

Of the many adventures which befell Vasco da Gama and his gallant men, books have been written, full of learning and research, so learned, some of them, that really important items have been omitted. Not so in Camões' great epic, and he lived so much nearer the days of that eventful voyage. In fact, Camões undertook the voyage to India exactly twenty-nine years after Vasco da Gama, as Viceroy, had died at Cochin. It is also just possible that Camões may have met one or other survivor of the first expedition, and have gained his information at first hand. There is mention of the Dorcades, where the three Gorgon sisters live; they have one eye between them and use it in turn. Ulysses is said to have called on these ladies, and appears not to have behaved as gallantly as was his wont.

Again, more recent chroniclers mention storms and tempests, just as if they were usual phenomena, whereas at least one of these had a very marked personality. It was Typhoes, one of the giants, whose favourite disguise was a tempest, a taste acquired when he and others made war against High Heaven. As far as he was concerned, this

war was a purely personal matter. He had fallen in love with Venus, as many, wiser than he, have done before and since. He also declined to take "no" for a answer, and pursued the lady (who endeavoured to evade him) as far as the banks of the Euphrates. Here the Fishes came to the rescue: they carried Venus and her son to the farther bank, leaving the giant raging. He has raged frequently ever since, finding the waters that surge round the Cape of Good Hope more responsive to his call than others, and, like many another disappointed lover, he is ready to pour out his woes to any one who is pleased to listen, not being scared away by his fury. The Fishes were promoted for their meritorious action; they are now included in the signs of the Zodiac, and wink slyly at each other when Typhoes rages down below, and bellows out his tale of woe for all the world to hear. The Fishes wink at each other, for they "know a thing or two."

Many wonderful things those mariners saw—St. Elmo's fire, waterspouts, new constellations in the heavens—before the western Ghats loomed up against the morning, and the rising sun lit up the coast of India.

Then Vasco da Gama set about the business of his King, and having accomplished all he could, set sail from Calicut on Wednesday, August 29, 1498. Troubles beset him frequently: at times he would lie

becalmed for weeks; again, fierce tempests took him far off his course. A fearful plague, scurvy, thinned the ranks of his crew, till there were not sufficient hands to work his ships, so the *São Raphael* had to be abandoned and was set on fire off the coast of Mozambique. At last, after many trials, Vasco da Gama returned to his country, made his triumphal entry on September 18, 1499, and brought to his royal master the assurance that Portugal was mistress of the sea-route to India.

Then it was that Dom Manoel, whom men call the Fortunate, abandoned the additions he was making to Batalha Abbey, and set about the building of this church and convent at Belem. Batalha had till now been the epitome of the kingdom's history. The Abbey at Belem now takes its place. The chapel built by Prince Henry, who lies buried at Batalha, had to make way for this imposing structure; the Knights of the Order of Christ were relegated by Dom Manoel to the church and monastery of Conceição Velha, while monks of S. Jeronymos took possession of the new church, with its slender pillars, all wonderfully carved, its cloisters richly decorated in stone tracery resembling knotted ropes. So slender do these columns appear compared with the massive walls and roof, that when the scaffolding was removed, the King doubted their strength and ordered the architect, Juan de Castillo, to spend the night within the church.

The main entrance is by an archway richly adorned with sculptured groups, the Nativity, the Annunciation, the Adoration of the Infant Christ, statues of Dom Manoel, St. Jerome, Queen Maria, wife of Dom Manoel, St. John the Baptist, and, on a column which divides the archway, a marble statue of Prince Henry. Splashes of colour, gold, crimson, blue, on walls and on the stone-paved floor, relieve the gloom, through which the delicate tracery of the supporting pillars comes to its proper value by degrees. The pillars, eight in number, lead up to the sculptured roof. The chancel dates from a different period, built by Queen Katherine, widow of John III., and both lie buried here. Near them lie Dom Manoel, and his wife Maria, and close by is the high altar, the "Mystery of Mysteries" contained in a shrine, elaborately fashioned, wrought out of the first silver brought to Portugal in the reign of Dom João III. This King's children are buried here, also the Cardinal-King Dom Henriques, and King Affonso VI.

Whereas S. Vincente had been made the Royal Pantheon, S. Jeronymos became the National Pantheon. Here, under a graceful canopy of stone, lie the remains of Alessandro Herculano, historian, and one of the leaders of the Romantic movement in the Literature of Portugal. João de Deus, the poet of the eighteenth century, rests here, and so does brilliant Almeida Garrett, poet, statesman, orator.

CALIFORNIA

A COURTYARD IN THE PALACE OF CINTRA.

Luiz de Camões, Portugal's greatest poet, lies in this shadowy sanctuary; he sang the deeds of bold adventure, and now lies under the same roof with Vasco da Gama.

Vasco da Gama, who braved a thousand dangers for the honour and glory of his King and country, rests here, in this glorious shrine, dedicated by the monarch, whom men called Fortunate, in gratitude to "Him Whose way is on the sea, and Whose path is on the waters; and Whose footsteps are not known."

CHAPTER VI

A SWIFT-RUNNING electric tram takes you to Belem; to go yet farther afield, out to westward, where the Tagus flows into the sea, necessitates a train journey, and the line runs along the north bank from a station called Caes de Sodre, in the lower town, outwards to Cascaes. Two rates of speed are offered to the traveller—one by a very slow train, which stops everywhere along the line, the other by "rapido," so called rather for its good intent than for its actual speed. This train does not stop at every station, and is further distinguished by dispensing no third-class accommodation. For all that, it is pleasanter to take the less pretentious train, and to be carried gently and with frequent halts along one of the most beautiful stretches of coast scenery in Europe.

The first part is the least attractive, owing to a talent for introducing discord into landscape which in the Lisbon municipal authorities almost amounts to genius. There is the broad river, but its banks are disfigured by ungainly sheds, tumble-down huts,

waste space, and dirt. In any other well-regulated city there would be a more extensive service of steamers, connecting places on both sides of the river, linking up the charming little towns that grow up on the rising ground to either hand. No other municipality surely would have allowed that glorious tower of Vasco da Gama at Belem to blacken under the smoke of gasworks grouped hideously behind it!

Nature has been more than usually bountiful here, and as we move westward she asserts herself more and more. Pine groves grow up from among the houses, palms wave gracefully in the gentle breeze from the western sea, old forts with quaint little pepper-box turrets stand out on the rocky headlands above stretches of golden sand, among them the Torre de San Julião, which commanded the bar in the days when to send round shot some five hundred yards with anything like accuracy was accounted a great achievement.

By degrees we approach the gem of this lovely coast, Mount Estoril. Mount Estoril, the centre of a group of pleasant sea-side resorts, rises out of a forest of pines, palms, and evergreens of many varieties on the gentle heights that enclose an azure bay. Here no rude north wind swoops down to search out the weak spots in human constitutions. Here is glowing glorious colour called forth by sunshine; masses of pink geranium run riot over

garden walls, roses blow here in sweet profusion, and the mimosa adds its delicate perfume to the scent of pines, borne on the breeze that plays among the trees of Palmella Park. Here, too, are good hotels—the Italie, for instance, with its tennis-courts and other attractions that make for holiday. Then the broad sands, a paradise for children, fringed here and there with masses of rock, hiding little pools of limpid water, where are strange animals and plants which give an inkling of deep-sea mysteries. From among the pine trees a holiday-maker may catch glimpses of delightful views—to westward over the red roofs of Cascaes with its old fort, round which surges the heavy swell of the Atlantic Ocean, or to southward over the sea towards Cape Espichel, with its faint line of sand. Here are peace and contentment.

A broad white road lined with palm trees leads along the road to Cascaes, where, in the old fort with its avenue of palm trees, a king's palace stands neglected. Sheltered by the fort is a tiny harbour; quaint old-world fishing-boats, painted in bright colours, some adorned with an eye on either bow, come in here of a morning, and lie up on the golden sand until the fishermen feel disposed to go out again. A peaceful scene, and very beautiful, seen from the esplanade of Cascaes fort—the avenue of palms, their graceful leaves glinting in the sunlight

as the breath of the ocean stirs them to answer with a gentle rustling sound, the lazy swirl of waters, blue and green, against the massive masonry and on the sunny beach; smoke rising from a chimney here and there, a slender column gently swayed by the breeze; houses, white, ochre, or pink, their red roofs standing out against a dark background of pines and eucalyptus, which add their whispering voices to the soothing harmony, and, behind all, the broken ridge of the mountains, the Serra of Cintra. Peace seems to have settled here, peace of ages, and so deep that it is difficult to imagine any human influence strong enough to break it. But Cascaes harbour has borne its share in warlike undertakings; so in 1578 the little harbour was thronged with warriors, German and English mercenaries, the latter under the Earl of Leinster. They embarked here to join the last disastrous crusade which King Sebastian undertook against the Moors of Morocco.

Peace there is at Cascaes to-day, but not contentment, for there are many here loyal to Dom Manoel II., mourning his absence.

The broad white road leads on due west, through pine groves, past stately mansions, across a stream that goes out between the rocks to meet the sea, till a distant roaring sound, becoming more and more insistent, drowns the voice of the breeze as

it whispers to the trees. A bold mass of rock has withstood the onslaught of Atlantic breakers for untold centuries; but it has suffered, for the waves have forced their way in and fashioned a huge cavity, where the waters seethe and swirl and greedily lick the smooth surface of the boulders. This is the Bocco do Inferno (the Mouth of Hell), a mighty contrast to the smooth, gleaming ocean without and the sunshine and verdure on shore.

The undulating country inland shows plentiful signs of cultivation—fields and groves enclosed by stone walls, with here and there a white-washed, red-roofed homestead. There are also deep rocky ravines hiding floral treasures, orchids of many kinds, one so fashioned that its chalice looks like a bee, and is called "Ophrys" by the learned. Below in the ravine is a tiny stream making its way to the sea; it tinkles over the rocks, and asks its way of the iris that grows by the banks. Then it rests for a while in some shaded hollow, and here tall arum lilies gleam over their rich, shining leaves; but it wanders on, passes through the haunts of men, and proves useful to those of cleanly habits.

Despite revolutions and rumours of further troubles, the little streams find the haunts of men sufficiently peaceful, very different from times not so long ago. For up among the mountains, where the little streams rise, among the spurs of the Serra

of Cintra, things have happened which incline them to avoid the company of man. Hereabouts is Ramalhão, where a wicked lady lived—a lady of high degree, Dona Carlotta Joachina, Infanta of Spain, and wife of King John VI. Her favourite pastime was conspiracy, against her husband chiefly, but she indulged in other forms of wickedness which need not be mentioned, as they should certainly not enter into a holiday scheme.

The little streams glide shyly out of hidden nooks in the Serra of Cintra, from under tall pine trees, from out of tangled undergrowth, from among ferns and blue-eyed periwinkles. They are fed by the clouds that crown the high peaks of the serra, the Serra of Cintra, which arrests those clouds that come up from the sea, and holds them, so that Mount Estoril and its azure coast may bask in sunshine.

The stern Serra of Cintra is covered on the north side with dense woods of pines and cork trees, chestnuts and oaks, the trees decked with grey lichen, and everywhere a soft carpet of moss and profusion of flowers and ferns. Hidden away among giant trees are old houses, palaces, monasteries. Of these latter the most interesting is one built by the ancient Order of Franciscans. Don Alvaro de Castro, the son of a Viceroy of India, founded it in the sixteenth century. Englishmen generally call this the Cork Convent; giant cork trees whose bark has never

felt the knife guard the entrance, and the cells are lined with cork wood, as protection against the damp—such very narrow cells built into the crevices between huge rocks. Little paths lead through the dense vegetation, connecting ruined shrines, Stations of the Cross; and here and there an opening among the branches shows a glorious view over the low-lying, undulating country, far away out to sea. The eye travels out towards Cape Roca and the imposing mass of rocks called Pedra de Alvidrar. Then to northward, farther along the coast-line, is a lovely bay, Praia das Maçãs, a semi-circle of golden sand, with here and there piles of rock, and round it on the sand-dunes a fringe of pine trees. Pine trees, singly and in groups, line the road along which runs the electric tram from Praia das Maçãs to Cintra, the city of palaces, from which the mountain range derives its name. Above the pine trees rise gentle heights, dotted with white buildings standing among vineyards and orange groves. Here is Collares, famous for its wines, both red and white, and beyond and above all the imposing masses of the Serra—rocky ridges crowned with castles, capped with clouds, rising out of forests of oak and pine, cork trees and eucalyptus, and many other sylvan varieties, and, clinging to the lower reaches, the ancient city of Cintra.

The town groups itself picturesquely round a

CINTRA, "A PENA."

royal palace, which stands up against the dark background of deep green pines and blue-grey rock; its two tall chimneys, white and bottle-shaped, strike a strange note, but not discordant, in this impressive harmony. Here, too, the history of Cintra is centred. Some say that Celts were the first to settle here, and it is certainly just the kind of site those lovers of Nature would have chosen. The Romans came and found here a position suitable for a stronghold; they took possession, and called this place Mons Lunae, obliterating the former Celtic name. Alanni, Suevi, Goths followed, but the last named had to yield to the Moors, under whom Cintra became a strong outpost of Lisbon. During this period the life of Cintra centred round the promontory on which stands the royal palace, and Dom Affonso Henriques found a flourishing township here when, in 1147, he took Cintra on his victorious way. Twice before Cintra had been taken from the Moors, first by King Affonso VI. of Castile in 1093, then by Count Henry of Burgundy in 1109.

Nothing is known of the origin of whatever buildings occupied the site of this palace in the days of Moorish domination, but many traces remain of that graceful fantasy which inspired Moorish work, and which to this day influences the decorative art of Portugal. No doubt the original building was the palace of some Moorish Vali—it must have suffered

much in successive sieges and assaults; of the building which Dom Affonso Henriques erected little, if anything, remains. Traces and memories of Moorish art remain, and learned archæologists deem that the mosaic floor of the chapel, once a mosque, dates back to the days before the Cross replaced the Crescent. A faint memory lingers yet in such names as the "Terreiro de Mecca" and the "Jardim da Lindaraya" (Lovely Queen), with its counterpart in the "Mirador de Lindaraxa" at the Alhambra, reminiscent of the days of "Al Caçar" (the Palace) of "Chintra."

The castle of Dom Affonso Henriques was given by him to Gualdim Paes, Grand Master of the Order of Templars, and on the suppression of that military-monastic body was handed over to their successors, the Knights of the Order of Christ, by King Denis, or Dom Diniz, as he was called in his own country. The Knights conceded the castle to the Queen Isabella, the saint, wife of King Denis, and it has ever since been reserved for the Queen for life.

The royal palace of Cintra did not enter largely into the history of Portugal until John I. had overcome his enemies and had made good his claim to the Crown by the victory of Aljubarrota in 1385. Two years later he married Philippa of Lancaster, daughter of John of Gaunt, and entered into an alliance with England. Philippa longed for the cool

air, the mists of her native land, so gallant King John bethought him of Cintra and had the ancient palace rebuilt. Though the Moors had been expelled from Portugal, many lingered yet, and kings and nobles were in the habit of employing skilled Moorish craftsmen in the construction and decoration of castles and palaces. This probably accounts for the Arabesque aspect of much in the palace of Cintra. There are other decorations not of that order, and of these one tells a pretty little story. King John I., as already stated, was a gallant gentleman, with a keen eye for a pretty face or a neat ankle. There was the black-eyed daughter of Barbadão de Veiros, for instance. He was perhaps more lenient to himself than to others in such matters, for he objected to the philandering of Count de Andeiro with Leonora Telles, wife of his half-brother and predecessor, Fernando I.; in fact, he killed the Count. Then there was that little affair with the lovely daughter of Mendo Guarde. All this, of course, happened before he married Philippa. It was certainly most unfortunate that she should have entered the room just as he was kissing a pretty little lady of the Court. However, the King genially quoted the last two words of a motto he and Philippa had devised, "Il me plet [plait] por bem," meaning much the same as the motto of the Garter, and the Queen was pleased to take the incident "por bem" in good

part. But courtly tongues began to wag, and a pretty little scandal was ripening, so the King caused the room where this touching incident occurred to be painted all over with magpies, each bearing in its beak a scroll with the device "Por bem!"

Another quaint scene was enacted at Cintra in the reign of King John I. He had sent a captain, Affonso Furtado, and a priest, ostensibly to offer the hand of his son Dom Pedro to the King of Sicily's daughter. These two actually had orders to proceed to Ceuta in order to spy out all they could about the approach to the port, the anchorage, and such important matter. Dom Pedro's hand was declined by the King of Sicily's daughter. As to the other part of their mission, the captain told of a prophecy he had heard from an old Moor, to the effect that the son of a king called John would be the first to land in Africa, and that he would greatly disturb the Moors. The King, being a practical soldier, laughed at the captain's story, and was probably not much impressed when, on turning to the prior for information, the latter asked for two loads of sand, a coil of string, and seven pints of fava (beans). The prior locked himself into a room with these stores for a while, then requested the King to come and inspect the fruits of his labour—a raised plan of the harbour, the sand so disposed as to represent the mountains of Almina, the string to

mark the outlines of the walls, the beans to show the position of the houses. Forty-eight years later Affonso V., and Fernando his brother, Duke of Vizeu, grandchildren of John I., inaugurated a campaign against the Moors in Africa.

Cintra saw little of King Edward, Dom Duarte, son of John I.; his was a short and troubled reign, as Guedelha, a Jew, his physician and astrologer, had foretold. Trouble continued when Affonso V., his son, succeeded at the age of five. Affonso was born in the palace of Cintra, in the room between the garden of Lindaraya and the Terreiro de Mecca, called by the historian, Abbott de Castro, the room of the sisters. The old walls and precincts of the palace witnessed Affonso's unhappy childhood, rendered so by the strife between his mother, Dona Leonor, a Princess of Aragon, and his uncle, Pedro, Duke of Coimbra. Dom Duarte had left the tutelage of his infant son in Leonor's hands, but she was very unpopular, and constant intrigues distressed the land. When eventually open tumult broke out in Lisbon, caused by the Queen's hostility to Dom Pedro, the latter, acting on the advice of his elder brother John, the Grand Master of the Order of Santiago, assumed the Regency, leaving the Queen to brood over her wrongs at Cintra. From here she tried to bribe John by offering the young King's hand to John's daughter; she tried to persuade Dom

Henrique, yet another of her brothers-in-law, that Pedro sought to kill her; she endeavoured to draw her brother of Aragon and the Queen of Castile into the quarrel—in fact, did all she could to make the life of her son unhappy. As may be imagined, matters were not improved when, at the age of fifteen, Affonso married Isabel, daughter of his uncle, Dom Pedro, Regent of the Realm. Poor little lady, hers was a most unhappy life. She tried to bring about a reconciliation between her young husband and her father, but only succeeded in aggravating the bitter feeling of the Court at Cintra against herself. By means of infamous slanders, the adherents of Queen Leonor, even the priests, intrigued against the poor child, and attempted to separate the little couple. But she was happy at least in the love of her young husband, cultured and chivalrous, and he mourned her deeply when she died, after eight years of married life.

In the meantime Affonso, who had attained his majority some years before, had developed a passion for extending the dominions of Portugal over-seas by conquests in Africa. In spite of the many difficulties his dream was beginning to be realised. Portuguese navigators, directed by Prince Henry, were beginning to feel their way down the west coast of Africa, and when Affonso was only twelve years of age a Bull of Pope Nicolas V. had conceded the right over all

discoveries along that coast to the King's sailor uncle.

Affonso had yet another ambition, namely, to unite the crowns of Portugal and Castile. To this end he married Joanna of Castile, but she gave him no children, so he tried to attain his end by other means and got into a good deal of trouble in consequence. Towards the end Affonso became very weary of the crown and had a mind to enter the monastery of Varatojo, leaving the affairs of State in the capable hands of his and Isabel's son John. But he fell sick of a fever before setting out for Varatojo, and died in the room in which he was born, surrounded by his family.

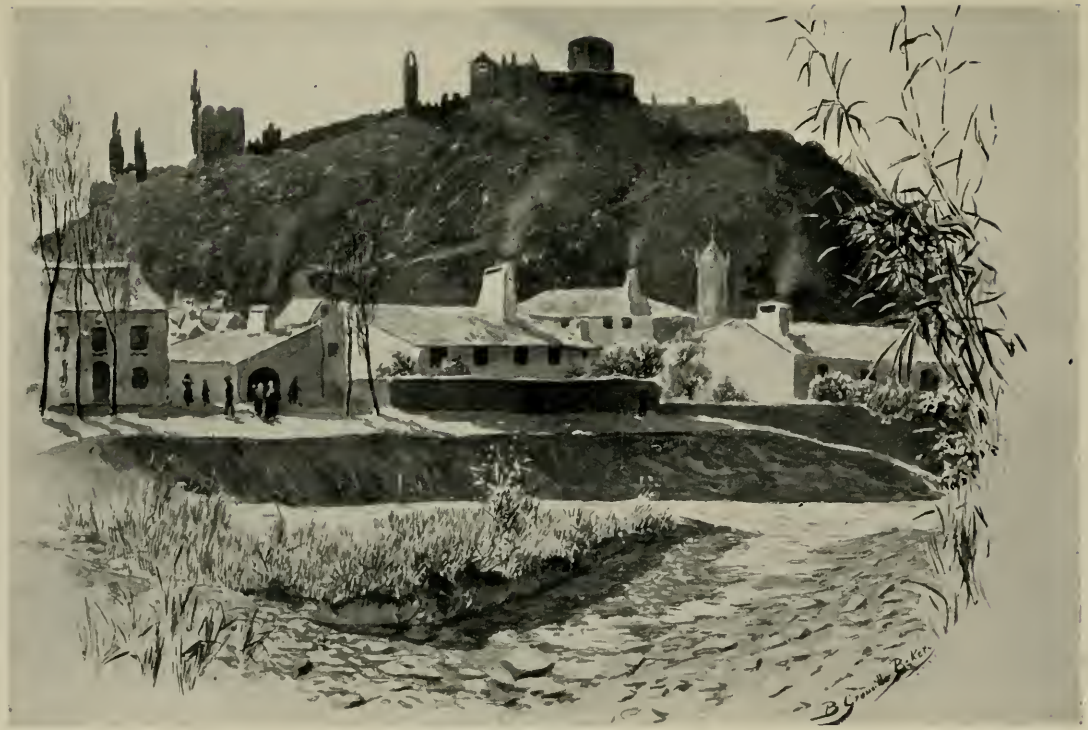
Dom João had hurried to the King's deathbed, and had come just in time to delight his father's sight once more; he now took up the reins of government. He was well prepared for his task, for he had acted as Regent during a visit Dom Affonso had paid to the King of France. His advent to power was hailed with delight, for people called him the "Perfect Prince."

Cintra appeared in gayest mood for the crowning of the Perfect Prince. Glittering crowds of nobles acclaimed the King, as the Herald, from a mound in the palace yard, called out "Real! Real! Real!" Everything promised well during the enthusiastically attended ceremony. But it was not long before a

strong undercurrent, flowing in an opposite direction, made itself felt. At the Cortes of Evora it was decided to reclaim the gifts given to nobles for their assistance at the battle of Alfarrobeira, during the civil war between Affonso V. and his uncle Pedro. This annoyed many of the nobles and they rose in revolt against the King, headed by the Bishop of Evora, who, by the way, was in love with a lady called Tinoco. However, a judicious number of executions settled matters, and the King could turn his attention to other questions. These were mostly concerned with discoveries; five years after Dom João II. came to the throne, Bartholomeu Dias sailed away to double the Cape of Good Hope, and prepared the way for the discovery of India by Vasco da Gama.

Cintra saw a good deal of the royal family when John II. was King, for he and his Queen loved its many beauties, and the temperate climate suited his delicate son Affonso. So that many acts of State originated at Cintra, among them one which tends to show the spirit of the age.

Ferdinand and Isabella reigned over Spain, united into one kingdom by the union of their Most Catholic Majesties. This proud title they earned as reward for introducing, or sanctioning, an institution which strikingly illustrated Christian charity and Christian zeal—the Inquisition. It incidentally ruined Spain, to the greater glory of God. This form of madness is



THOMAR FROM THE RIVER.

generally started by some wholly irresponsible fanatic, generally a priest or monk of sorts, and Spain at this moment produced Fra Thomaz de Torquemada. The first act of faith was the persecution of the Jews; it was an obvious duty—besides, there is sometimes method even in religious madness, and attention was first directed towards the Jews because they were able to pay. And they offered to pay 30,000 ducats for permission to live in Spain. It was a tempting offer. Ferdinand and Isabel sat deliberating when Torquemada rushed in and made a hideous scene. No doubt he referred to the pecuniary transactions between Judas Iscariot and the High Priest; he possibly quoted stern sayings from the Book which those he persecuted had inherited from their fathers—sayings breathing wrath and vengeance: and yet one little verse from the life story of the Gentle Saviour, in whose name Torquemada raved, might have prevented foul injustice and the decline of Spain.

As result of Torquemada's influence over their Most Catholic Majesties, the Jews, numbering 56,000, were expelled from Spain. Some went to Italy, where 20,000 died of the plague at Naples; others migrated to France, to England, to the Netherlands; many found their way to Turkey, where their descendants flourish still. They still retain the language of the country that ill-treated them, in obsolete form, and they write it in the Hebrew script. A large number

of these homeless children of Israel wished to settle in Portugal, and offered King John II. a large sum of money for permission to do so. At a Council held in the palace of Cintra, the King, for reasons of State, which probably meant impecuniosity, decided to allow the wanderers to enter Portugal, and to sojourn there for eight months, before they set out for Africa. For this consideration he charged eight cruzados a head.

A pleasanter reminiscence of the palace of Cintra is that of a gracious action on the part of the "Perfect Prince." French pirates had robbed several rich Venetian galleys off the coast of Portugal, and the captains of these vessels had landed at Cascaes. They were entertained by a gentle lady, Dona Maria de Menezes, Condessa de Monte Santo, and then sent to Cintra to lay their plaint before the King. Dom João was from home, but Queen Leonor treated the seamen well until the King's return from Alcobaça; then, before the monarch would receive them, he insisted on their being provided with the most sumptuous apparel the royal palace could provide. This kindly action established the best possible relations between Portugal and the Republic of Venice.

Another scene which had its setting at Cintra deserves to be recorded. King John, although by no means an old man, began to feel the burden of his cares severely; most of all was he affected by the

sudden death of his son and heir Affonso. He decided on a pilgrimage to a small hermitage on the spot where now the palace of the Pena stands. It was not a long way, but there was no broad carriage road leading to it as there is to-day. The cavalcade, consisting of the King and Queen and their Court, set out on foot along the rugged, stony path that led upwards to the retreat of the pious hermit. Here the Court camped out around the hermitage while the King and Queen withdrew into seclusion for eleven days.

The death of Dom Affonso, heir-apparent to the throne of Portugal, preceding the decease of his father King John II., brought into the succession a prince who had at the outset no likelihood of wearing the crown. A son of Dom Duarte's second son Fernando, Duke of Vizeu, murdered at Setubal, Dom Manoel was perhaps the most striking personality among that long line of rulers which began with King John I., the dynasty of the House of Aviz. Men called Dom Manoel "O Fortunato," "the Fortunate," and certainly under his rule Portugal rose to high estate among the nations of the world. In person Dom Manoel was distinguished for his extraordinary strength and agility, due to hard training. His arms were so long that when dropped by his side his extended fingers reached below the knee.

He kept his features under strict control; even

his green eyes were never allowed to show emotion, though they once filled with tears, when news of the death of Miguel, his son, was brought to Cintra. Dom Manoel revived the ambition of bringing the kingdoms of Portugal and Spain under one sceptre, but all his schemes failed. They were finally realised, but for a time, through the extinction of his house, due to constant intermarriage designed to bring about his object.

Yet the courts and chambers of Cintra Palace rang with the sounds of jousting and merrymaking, music and dancing, and men spoke of Dom Manoel o Fortunato. Great events crowded into the reign of this monarch. Vasco da Gama opened out the royal road to India, following in the wake of Bartholomeu Dias, in 1498. King Manuel would look out over the sea from the small hermitage of the Pena, wondering how his Indian fleet was faring. In memory of anxious moments spent upon that rocky height, the King caused a chapel to be built there, the chapel round which the present castle arose at a much later date. In 1500 Pedro Alvares Cabral rediscovered Brazil and claimed it for Portugal. Two years later Vasco da Gama again journeyed to India, where one conquest followed another. Cochin was fortified and gallantly defended by Duarte Pacheco. Dom Francisco de Almeida was appointed first governor of Portuguese India,

THE KEEP OF OBIDOS CASTLE.

ENTRANCE TO CASTLE OF THOMAR.

and the east coast of Africa was occupied with strongholds at Kilwa, Mombasa, and Sofala. Almeida carried the blue-and-white flag of Portugal to the northern shores of the Indian Ocean and defeated an Egyptian fleet off Diu. Then Albuquerque succeeded to Almeida, who was killed by Hottentots on the south-east coast of Africa. Albuquerque added Goa to the Portuguese dominions in India, sailed farther eastward and captured Malacca and visited the Moluccas, while Duarte Fernandes went as Manuel's ambassador to Siam in 1512, and four years later Fernão Pires de Andrade visited China. News of all these stirring events reached Cintra, where, amidst the revelry of a gay Court, King Manuel ordered affairs to serve his personal ambition.

On coming to the throne King Manuel married Isabel of Aragon, widow of Dom Affonso, son of John II. It is said that he fell in love with this lady while escorting her from Spain, whence she came to marry the then heir-apparent. To please her he expelled the Jews and the remaining Moors. When Isabel died, King Manuel married her sister Maria, and she in turn was succeeded by Leonor, niece of his former wives and sister of the Emperor Charles V. So there were great rejoicings, and constant festivities in the palace of Cintra, and the ladies of the Court looked down from the window of the Sala de Cysnes, the Hall of the Swans, upon

the courtyard thronged with arriving or departing guests.

Portugal was great in those days when all Europe was shaking off the trammels of the Middle Ages in the Renaissance, and Dom Manoel was well suited to the spirit of the age which inspired his contemporaries. There was Henry VIII. of England and his rival the chivalrous Francis I. of France. Charles V. succeeded his father the knightly Maximilian, and, thanks to the discoveries of Columbus, Magelhan, and Cortes, reigned over a vast empire. Holbein was born shortly after Dom Manoel's accession, and two years later, in 1499, Leonardo da Vinci painted his "Last Supper." Michelangelo's titanic decorations of the Sistine Chapel date from this period, Raphael painted the Stanze in the Vatican, and Titian his "Sacred and Profane Love," while Manuel gave rise to the gorgeous style of architecture which is still named after him. A change came over the Old World in those days, the ferment of new life as the art of printing opened the minds of men. Then Machiavelli composed his famous definition of a Perfect Prince. Luther hurled defiance at that proud Medici, Pope Leo X., and the fiery zeal of Francis de Xavier carried the Cross to distant eastern lands, the wonders of which were told in Portugal and added to the decorative scheme of Christian churches.

And Dom Manoel would retire from time to time to the height where the Pena stands, and would look out to sea and mourn for the loss of Miguel his son, whose birth caused the death of the woman he loved, Isabella, Infanta of Aragon.

Dom Manoel o Fortunato died and was followed by his and Maria's son John III. This King was in many ways unlike his father: he was intellectually limited and cared not for the graceful Arts; he was bodily defective owing to a fall in infancy, and had no love for sport and manly exercises. Even his love affairs were colourless. As heir-apparent he was minded to marry Leonor of Austria, who, by the way, was originally meant for him. But Dom Manoel thought fit to marry her, and she became his stepmother instead. Nevertheless on his father's death King John III. proposed to carry out his original intention; but a third person intervened, one Christovão Barroso, Portugal's ambassador at the Court of Austria, who had fallen passionately in love with Queen Leonor, and therefore poisoned the mind of her brother, Emperor Charles V., against King John of Portugal, his master. Christovão Barroso ended on the galleys, Queen Leonor married Francis I. of France, and Dom João married Catherine, another sister of Charles V.

Dom João III. did little for the greatness of his country and his foreign dominions; the Indian

possessions, after Vasco da Gama died there as Viceroy, became the happy hunting-ground of adventurers who extracted what they could from the country in order to squander it at home. The Jesuits were introduced into Portugal, and seven years later, in 1547, the Inquisition was definitely established and even carried to India, where, especially in Goa, the Hindus were persecuted horribly. Although the power of Portugal had spread as far as Japan during this reign, the decline of the Portuguese Empire had already begun, and continued under the rival regencies of Queen Catherine and Cardinal Dom Henrique, Dom João's youngest brother. Almost the only memory of that King's reign is a little winding staircase which leads up to the Sala dos Archeiros, in the palace of Cintra.

King John III. married his son John to Joanna, daughter of Charles V., his niece by marriage, and their son Sebastian succeeded, to be entrusted with the government of the realm at the age of fourteen.

Dom Sebastião loved Cintra, and as he wandered about under the forest trees would dream of conquest. With an unbalanced mind, and susceptible to every influence, the young King was often led to foolish actions. One day he rode over to the Cork convent, where, at a stone table by a

fountain, both of which still exist, he was wont to take his lunch. Dom Sebastião was a pious soul, so he attended mass that day, as usual, and listened intently to the sermon of some Capuchin monk, who inveighed against the luxury which was rampant in high places. The King returned to his council chamber and forthwith drew up some startling sumptuary laws. He imposed restrictions on the diet of his subjects: "blanc-mange" was taboo, no longer might a loyal Portuguese refresh his inner man with the succulent "bolo"—a cross between a dumpling and a bun—furthermore, no one might spend more than his income. History does not relate to what extent these ordinances were honoured, but it may be supposed that even after such a stringent edict you might find some weaker mortals whose soul refused to be comforted without blanc-mange, who could not resist the bolo, and who would yet outrun the constable, as much from habit as from a but shadowy idea of the limits of their income or their liabilities. Such sinners have survived to this day in other countries, under other laws.

The King was capable of kindly impulse too. There returned from the wars one Bernardino Ribeiro, who came to Cintra to make obeisance to his King. Dom Fernando Alvares de Moronha introduced this warrior, whose face was so dis-

figured by honourable scars that it provoked the Court, and even the King, to smiles. Bernardino was so upset by his reception that he could not say his say, and Dom Fernando, equally annoyed, upbraided the King severely, who, in a pet, withdrew with all his Court. Dom Fernando followed, no doubt to repeat the dose, then left for Lisbon, taking Bernardino with him. But very shortly after the King sent for the two again, thanked Dom Fernando for the reproof, and apologised to Bernardino.

King Sebastian dreamt of conquest here in the forests that deck the steep sides of the Serra of Cintra, and in the council chamber of the palace, the chamber so richly decorated with coloured tiles, he and his young companions discussed the proposed crusade to Northern Africa. The partial success of his first campaign urged him on to renewed efforts, and he and the young men again met together in council. Despite the warnings of a monk, who had foretold disaster—Dom João had appeared to him in a dream—Dom Sebastião set out again, never to return. He and his army were totally destroyed by the Moors at El Kasr-el-Kebir. His uncle, Cardinal Dom Henrique, was proclaimed King, but lived only a few years; then Philip II. of Spain, husband of Marie, daughter of João III., became King of Portugal, as first of that name.

Three Philips followed one upon the other, but they visited the country rarely, and Cintra stood deserted, while the forest trees communed in anxious whispers, repeating tales of the troubles that had come over fair Lusitania. From inland the breezes brought rumours of plots and conspiracies, of drastic punishment and treachery; the clouds hurrying up from the ocean filled the forest trees with sadness as they told of the unhappy state of Portugal's over-seas empire. The wind filled the sails of ships that sped southward under the red cross of St. George; in 1591, ten years after the death of Dom Henrique, last of the house of Aviz, English ships first visited India. Then four years later a Dutch squadron set out for the same distant lands, and thus began the disruption of the empire, planned by Prince Henry the Navigator, strong and glorious when Manuel the Fortunate was king.

Echoes of strife and tumult disturbed the stillness of Cintra, till one day, December 1, 1640, news came of a revolt in Lisbon, which resulted in the proclamation of Dom João, Duke of Braganza, as King John IV. of Portugal. France and Holland entered into alliance with Portugal; and England, recognising the independence of the country, followed suit a year later.

Cintra saw little of King John IV. during his troubled reign, but knew well his second son, who

became King as Affonso VI. in 1656. A vicious weakling this, injured in his youth when bull-fighting at Azeitão. One small room in the palace of Cintra tells his story. He married a pretty, lively little lady, Maria de Nemours (Mademoiselle d'Aumale), a granddaughter of Henri IV. But though Affonso's reign was marked with some successes against the Spaniards, who had regained possession of the "Alemtejo," the country beyond the Tagus, his swarthy brother Pedro deposed him, and kept him prisoner on the island of Terceira for six years. Then Dom Affonso was removed to Cintra. He was brought into the palace yard at midnight, and by the flare of torches shown the small chamber prepared to receive him. He raised his hands in horror as he entered the tiny room. At first some slight interest remained to him; a former Minister, his only friend, Conde de Castello Melhor, owned a small house on the hill-side, visible from the prison chamber, and from here he and another, one Antonio Conti, made signs to Dom Affonso. But the Duke of Cadaval, married to Dom Pedro's illegitimate daughter Luiza, reported this, and the Regent deprived his brother of this only solace, and had him removed to another chamber. Dom Affonso had paced the floor of the former chamber constantly, from the window to the opposite wall, looking out for some friendly sign;

THE CHURCH OF THE ORDER OF CHRIST, THOMAR.

that weary pathway is still shown—there, where the tiles upon the floor are worn away. Shortly after his removal, Dom Affonso, who at the age of forty had suffered imprisonment for sixteen years, suddenly asked to be taken to mass, but death overtook him on the way. His last words were, "I go, but the Queen will soon follow me." The Queen had married Dom Pedro. She soon followed her first husband, and Pedro reigned in his stead. But Cintra was not to Pedro's liking; he never lived there. Nor did King John V., his son; he built the vast, flamboyant monastery of Mafra, in the style so much in vogue at the beginning of the eighteenth century.

Cintra suffered in the earthquake that destroyed Lisbon, in the days when José I. was King and the Marquis of Pombal his able Minister. A wonderful chimney-piece was removed from that nobleman's palace of Almeirim at Cintra; it had been presented by Leo X. to King Manuel I. It is said to be the work of Michelangelo, but should be attributed to Franz Florio the Fleming.

Since the earlier years of the nineteenth century the palace of Cintra has lost much in importance. War devastated the country when French armies marched through it, to be in turn driven out by Portugal's English allies and the gallant troops which Beresford raised in the country. An old palace stands desolate some way from the town; it is

called "Seti Aix," or "Seven Sighs." The Convention of Cintra is said to have been signed here. Yet farther on, amidst luxuriant vegetation, lies Monserrate, the seat of Sir Frederick Cook, Viscount Monserrate. King Edward VII. visited here in 1902, and planted a tree to commemorate the event.

High up on the rocks stands yet another palace, which has eclipsed the others, the palace of Pena. Prince Ferdinand of Coburg built it after he had married Maria da Gloria, who reigned interruptedly from 1826 to 1853. It rises about the graceful chapel which King Manuel I. caused to be built to replace the humble hermitage of earlier days. The new palace emulates the style of Manueline architecture, but overdoes it: the decorations are too profuse, and seem to lack spontaneity. A winding roadway leads up to the castle, through a winding tunnel underneath the building and into a courtyard. The blue-and-white ensign of Portugal no longer flies from the tower, the colours of Henry of Burgundy, and those who came after him, driving the Moors out of the land: the flag which was respected on the high seas in the days of Dom Manoel o Fortunato and his successors, and which led Portuguese troops to victory, and gave them courage in defence of their country. The glory has departed from Cintra, and Pena stands empty, furnished as it was when Dom Manoel II. left it; even the news-

papers and journals, all dating from the time of the revolution, lie where they have lain since the Royal Standard was hauled down. The flag of the Portuguese Republic, red and green, which some think beautiful, flies over the palace. The palace of Cintra, too, is now the property of the Republic, and is being converted into a museum. A pathetic sense of intimate family life still lingers here, and tourists may wander where the rulers of Portugal have lived and made history: history that stands recorded in the brilliant Sala dos Veados, emblazoned with the escutcheons of famous families, of men who helped to make Portugal great—Almadas and Silvas, Pereiras, Vasconcellos, Almeidas and Britos, and many others. The design dates from the reign of Dom Manoel I., and he added the verse:

Pois com esforços leaes
Serviços foram ganhados,
Com estes e outros taes
Devem de ser conservados.

("As they have been won by loyal service, they and their like deserve to be preserved.")

Yet another castle adorns the steep slope of the Serra, at Cintra, the Moorish castle, a vast enclosure, with walls and towers, and in sufficient repair to enable visitors to walk along the ramparts up and down, enjoying the lovely view. You may well imagine keen-eyed Moors looking anxiously northward, in those days when a Vali governed the

surrounding country for as far as he could control it. News would come in of the approaching Christian host, and the watchers on the ramparts would prepare for battle. But the Moors always made certain of some means of escape whenever it was possible, and it is said that when the Christians entered this castle after the assault they found not one defender left; all had fled by two secret subterranean passages.

Cintra, with its castles and palaces, its glorious forests and profusion of flowers, has a peculiar fascination, and every right-minded holiday-maker should become acquainted with its charms. The railroad that connects it with Lisbon is not without its places of interest. It runs down from the Serra in wide curves, out of the rocky mountain district into fertile, undulating country, where "Quintas" and cottages nestle in wooded valleys.

Another royal palace marks the road between Cintra and Lisbon, that of Queluz-Bellas. This building, too, stands desolate in the midst of its pretty park; an air of sadness invests the broad staircase that leads to the ornate front of the building. There is a suggestion of Versailles about this palace, and it is meant to bear some resemblance.

By the pale light of the moon you may people this deserted place with shadowy forms—wicked Dona Carlotta Joachina and her lovers plotting

against her husband, King John VI., who sought consolation in frequent pinches of snuff; or a more pleasant memory of Dom Pedro IV. of Portugal, and Emperor of Brazil, who introduced constitutional government. But here again the glory has departed.

Nearer towards Lisbon is one more place of interest, Bemfica, and that because its church, in an ancient Dominican convent, contains the remains of one of Portugal's great men, Dom João de Castro, fourth Viceroy of India, a man of unblemished integrity, who pledged his beard in order to raise the funds necessary to the maintenance of his country's prestige in India.

The railway line wanders on, downhill, past Campolide, where the aqueduct crosses a deep valley, plunges into a tunnel, and emerges at the Central, Rocio, Station, of Lisbon.

CHAPTER VII

"SOCIEDADE Propaganda de Portugal" is the title of a very excellent institution which aims at instructing intelligent travellers, tourists, intelligent or otherwise, in the way they should go, so that they may thoroughly enjoy a holiday in Portugal, this holiday-land. A capital little book, neatly bound in blue, therefore not so obviously touristic as the usual guide-book, called "Manuel du Voyageur," by S. L. de Mendonza e Costa, contains much information, concisely given. Its genial style and attractive little photographs greatly induce visitors to Portugal to go farther afield in search of the many beauties and objects of interest which this lovely country has to offer. No wonder, then, that it sent the Holiday-maker out upon his way—in fact, accompanied him.

Intense pleasure is to be got out of the mere fact of starting on an excursion early in the morning, after the streets have been thoroughly aired, and when others, not so fortunate, are hurrying to work.

The "Manuel" had suggested a visit to Thomar,

so the Holiday-maker was astir betimes in the morning, and walked down to the Rocio Station. This station has the advantage of holding a central position in the town. It has its disadvantages too, for as soon as a train leaves the platform it plunges into a long tunnel, above which are the Botanical Gardens. There is only one up and one down line through this tunnel, so the traffic management must offer considerable difficulties. The way these difficulties are overcome reflects great credit on the Lisbon Station authorities, for unpunctuality is of rare occurrence. Another disadvantage of this peculiarly situated central station is that trains travelling eastward have to make a long detour of the town before they get into the open, as it were. You stop at Campolide again, then move round the town in a wide sweep, past the Campo Pequeno with the bull-ring, the Praça de Touros, past a huge, heavy building, formerly the Convent of Chellas, now tenements for innumerable poor families, until at Braço de Prata you join the main line from the former central station Caes de Soldados. As a rule, the fact of joining the main line does not mean accelerated speed; nor should this matter much to the genuine holiday-maker, for there is much that is beautiful to be seen, and a slow train offers ample opportunity for doing so. There is the verdant country about Olivaes Sacavem with the quaint siphon that draws the water

for Lisbon's consumption, across the river Alviella, then Alverca, near which was the camp of Alfarrobeira, where Dom Pedro, Duke of Coimbra, died in the midst of his troops and those of his nephew, Dom Affonso V., in 1449. Alhandra, too, has some claim to passing notice; it was rebuilt by Sucino, Bishop of Lisbon, when Sancho I. was King, at the end of the twelfth century. Affonso de Albuquerque was born at Paraizo, close by, and so was his son, Braz de Albuquerque, whose Lisbon residence the Holiday-maker has pointed out. The church that stands up on the height was built by Cardinal Dom Henrique, who succeeded his nephew, King Sebastian, as last of the mighty dynasty of Aviz, founded by King John I. Close by is the fort of S. Vincente, part of the Lisbon lines of defence. A little farther on is Villa Franca de Xira, a very ancient borough, which was once a possession of the Knights Templars, of whom and their doings we shall hear more anon. Then comes Azambuja, which was in existence before the Portuguese monarchy; King Denis the Farmer planted a large pine forest here, and it subsequently became a favourite haunt of brigands; every trace of it has vanished, making way for cultivation and pretty little country houses, gleaming among orange groves.

The silver Tagus accompanies the traveller, now hiding behind clumps of trees, then showing all its

OBIDOS.

broad expanse, white sails of fishing craft standing out against the distant landscape, green and fertile, with its background of blue, distant hills. The Tagus comes close up to the old town of Santarem, swirling round the foundations of Saint Irene's tomb, Saint Irene the martyred virgin whose body was thrown into the Nabão river and was carried away into the Tagus. Santarem, too, has had a stirring history: Affonso VI. of Castile took it from the Moors in 1093; the Moors regained possession and held it till Dom Affonso Henrique made a final conquest of the town by night attack in 1147. The Romans, too, have left traces of their dominion in the remains of an ancient stronghold. Here at Santarem, in the church of the Monastery de Graça, Pedro Alvares Cabral, the rediscoverer of Brazil, lies buried.

The line leaves the banks of the Tagus at Entroncamente, the junction for Badajoz, and turns northwards, winding round hills, rising gradually through pine woods until Payalvo, the station for Thomar. Here the Holiday-maker alighted and discovered a "diligence"—a conveyance with which he has since become well, and painfully, acquainted—ready to take him to Thomar for a slight consideration. The "diligence" is of lighter build than its original in France; it certainly rattles a great deal more, and the roof cracks ominously while heavy boxes are hurled on to it by those

cheeriest of mortals, the mule-driver and the conductor. The sides of this vehicle are open, but may be screened by canvas curtains.

There were two other passengers in the diligence, not counting several friends and relations of driver and guard, who all clustered outside, dangling their legs. This provided one of the inside travellers with much entertainment. He was a young farmer, who, it appeared, had done a good deal in pigs, and was therefore in high feather. His improvised pastime was to cut and thrust at the dangling extremities with his brass-shod quarter-staff, withdrawing after every successful coup to explode with laughter, showering winks and nods on his fellow travellers inside. The Holiday-maker failed to realise the humour of the performance, as the butt end of the staff occasionally approached his eyes too nearly, and looked severely upon the merry farmer. The other traveller, a gentleman with a grimy face and a broken hat-brim, being more removed from the danger zone, smiled complacently. The road led uphill most of the way, through white dust, ankle-deep, which at first promised smooth travelling, but now and again a violent bump gave notice of some hidden, uncharted rock. The last mile or so gave the mules, with their tinkling bells, a chance of a downhill spurt, and the coach gaily rattled into Thomar over the uneven cobble stones.

Thomar stands on the site of an ancient Roman settlement, Nabancia, so called after the little river Nabão which flows through the town, the river which carried the body of Saint Irene down to the Tagus. The little town lies peacefully at the foot of a steep hill, red roofs, and the tower of St. John the Baptist's Church, with its traces of Manueline architecture, standing out against a background of rock and dark foliage.

The hill is crowned by a battered castle, broken towers "s'accusent" against the sky; the ruined walls connect these, their rugged outline broken here and there by tall, aspiring cypress trees. These sombre sentinels, that draw life from the crumbling ruins, recall those stormy days when Christian and Pagan fought for the possession of this stronghold; days when those walls and that stout keep, begun on March 1st, 1160, by Gualdim Paes, Master of the Order of Knights Templars, resisted all assaults delivered by the Moors, even that most bloody venture of Abou-Jousouf in 1190, when he led his hosts repeatedly up those steep slopes, to see them surge back, baffled, defeated. They completely destroyed the city while the castle held out; after the Emperor of Morocco was forced to withdraw, the Knights of the Temple devoted their energies to rebuilding the town of Thomar.

A road leads up the hill-side to the castle,

to the entrance gate by the bell tower, whence warning of approaching danger rang out over the valley. The approach is much like that to other mediæval castles similarly situated; it is on entering that a great surprise awaits the traveller. Around him are hoary ruins, but to the right hand, rising above the deep-green foliage of orange trees with their golden burden, is a glorious vision, the church of the Convent of Christ. Graceful pinnacles point to the sky, stone-copings carved like fretwork adorn the nave, windows decorated in all the profusion of the style called Manueline gleam in the light of the setting sun. The entrance to the church, approached by two flights of broad stone steps, is a marvel of the skill inspired by Manoel o Fortunato and his triumphant era—a memorial to the days when Portugal was great among the great Powers of the world, a monument to glory long past, pathetic in the contrast of its rich symbolism to its present utter desolation. Adjoining this in striking contrast stands the chancel, once the chapel of the Knights Templars, before the Order of Christ was put into possession and built the church. Built of large blocks of stone, with long, narrow windows, the chancel tells the earliest history of this astounding castle, speaks of those stern days which gave birth to the different orders of knights militant,

BATALHA.

There were many such orders in those days when Western chivalry marched to the East to save the Holy Places from the Pagan. Of these orders, the majority died out when their object was no longer attainable; few, very few survived, and in such altered guise that they would now no longer be recognised by their originators.

A quite excusable ambition moved knights of these various orders to trace the date of their institution back to very early days. Thus, for instance, the Order of Constantine, or of St. George, sometimes called Dorés, or Angeliques, claims spiritual descent from Constantine the Great. They held title deeds, which in 1533 were deposited in the archives of the Court of Rome—among these the sanction of Pope Leo, dated 456; but they are of more than dubious authenticity. Again, it was recorded that in the twelfth century the Emperor of the East, Isaac Angelus Comnenus, had been asked to draw up fresh statutes for this order; but it is more probable that he founded it, and, as he was one of the least vain of the Comneni, named it after the great Constantine from whom his family tried to claim descent. When the Crescent swept away the Cross from the city of Constantine, the order named after him must have gone under likewise, but there were some Comneni left, and of one of them, Andreas, it is recorded that he was in receipt

of a pension from the Pope. A few more Comneni appeared from time to time, attempts were made to revive the order, but all traces of it and its doings have vanished long ago.

Another order, that of the Knights Hospitallers of St. Lazarus of Jerusalem, claimed yet greater antiquity. Its brethren declared that in the year A.D. 72 several warlike Christians bound themselves by vows to protect their co-religionists from persecution at the hands of Scribes and Pharisees, Sadducees and Romans. The records of this order are still less convincing, though at least one definite statement sheds a little light on its past—in 1354 a Scot, John Hallidei, is mentioned as Governor, spiritual and temporal. The later purpose of this rather legendary order is more in keeping with modern notions. It survived the Crusades, and used its funds and energies in combating a fell disease, leprosy. Leprous brethren were accepted in order to attend fellow sufferers, and on one occasion they were obliged to look outside the order for a Grand Master, to consult Pope Innocent IV., because the Infidels had slain all the leprous brethren in the hospital at Jerusalem.

It is not surprising that another obscure order of knights militant, bound by monastic vows, should claim Charlemagne as its founder—the Order of Frisians, or of the Crown. It is so long since

knights of that order looked resplendent in white frocks embroidered with a crown and the device "Coronabitur legitime certans" that it matters little whether their origin is due to Frisian support given to the Franks against the Saxons, or to the taking prisoner of King Didier, what time the Lombards defeated Charlemagne in battle.

As every one knows, the body of St. Catherine was borne by angels to Mount Sinai. This proved a great attraction to the devout; and in order to protect these pilgrims from the Pagans, several knights bound themselves under the rules of St. Basil, thus founding yet another order. The brethren received knighthood at the martyr's grave, which they guarded day and night. Their badge was a blood-stained sword on half a wheel.

Yet another order of knighthood was originated indirectly by Richard I. of England. Needless to say, he was an enthusiastic Crusader, so he sailed for the Holy Land in 1191. The story goes that he was cast by tempests on to the island of Cyprus, then a possession of the Eastern Empire. The Emperor Isaac Comnenus ill-treated Richard—a rash proceeding. Richard grew angry (he often did), took possession of Cyprus (which again sounds likely), and bound Isaac Comnenus and his wife with chains of gold. The latter part of the story seems improbable, if only from the consideration

that Richard was generally very short of gold; of course he may have acquired the golden chains by the primitive methods habitual to crusaders, pirates, and other such liberal-minded gentry. King Richard also determined to conquer Jerusalem and all the Holy Land, and to keep it for his own. In order that no one should dispute his right to the style and title of King of Jerusalem, he bought that title from Guy de Luzignan, who had married Sybil, eldest daughter of Amory, then King of the Holy City—which, by the way, he had lost to the Saracens some three years previously. Richard paid for his new honours with Cyprus; and as Jerusalem probably interested Guy no longer, he became King of Cyprus, where he in his turn founded an order of knighthood, the Order of Cyprus, an order of silence. But Catherine Cornara, widow of Jacques de Luzignan, a later King of Cyprus, ceded the island to the Venetians, who in turn lost it to the Turks; and as the new owners had little use for a Christian order of knights militant, however silent, the silence of Nirvana fell upon that institution.

Of all these military monastic orders the most powerful was that of the Knights Templars. It arose from small beginnings, when in 1118 several pious knights united to form a society which purposed to defend pilgrims against the Infidels. There were originally nine members of this society—Hugues

de Paganis, Godefroi de Saint-Amour, and seven others whose names are forgotten. These knights bound themselves to poverty, chastity, and obedience, and made their vows in the presence of Guarimond, Patriarch of Jerusalem, who looked on with approval as these warriors devoted themselves to the service of God.

Baldwin, King of Jerusalem, gave them a house near the Temple of Solomon, and from this they derived style and title. There they lived, on what alms were given them, in great poverty, and became known as the "Poor Knights of the Temple." There was no increase in their numbers until after the Council of Troies, 1128, over which the Bishop of Albe presided, as representative of Pope Honorius II. On this occasion Hugues de Paganis and five of the brethren, who had attended the council, requested St. Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux, also present, to draw up rules to apply to all branches of the extended brotherhood. This St. Bernard did to everybody's satisfaction, so, according to an old manuscript at Alcobaça, every Knight Templar on joining made the following vow: Obedience and eternal fidelity to Jesus Christ our Lord and His Vicar the Sovereign Pontiff and his successors. To defend, by the word and the sword, with all his strength, the Mysteries of the Faith, the Seven Sacraments, the fourteen Articles of Faith, the Symbol of Faith

and that of St. Anasthasius, the books of both Old and New Testament, with the commentaries of the Holy Fathers which have been received by the Church, the unity of one God, the personality of the Persons of the Trinity, that Mary, daughter of Joachim and Anna of the tribe of Juda and race of David, was ever Virgin, before, during, and after childbirth.

He further promised obedience to the Master of the order, to cross the seas to fight when needful, to give succour to all Christian kings and princes against the Infidels, never to turn away from three Infidel enemies or less, not to sell or consent to the sale of the goods of the order, never to surrender towns or possessions of the order to any enemy; to be faithful to the sovereign of his country, and never to refuse assistance to brethren and sisters of other orders:

Dieu me soit en aide et Ses Saints Evangiles!

The red cross which adorned their white robes was given by Pope Eugene III. in 1146, by which time the status of this order of knights had changed considerably. It had increased in number. Guillaume de Tyr, writing about this time, mentions three hundred knights in the House of the Temple at Jerusalem alone, not counting the many serving brethren. The vow of poverty had slipped into

oblivion, and the order had acquired enormous wealth and great possessions, which made its power equal to that of kings. Other vows were broken : the Knights Templars refused to obey kings, and even defied the Patriarch of Jerusalem. Instead of assisting pilgrims they robbed them, and when Emperor Frederick III. came to the Holy Land to fight the Infidels, they sought to betray him. The Emperor had communicated his intention to the Templars, but these, jealous of his power, and forgetful of their duty to God, suggested to the Sultan of Babylon a plan by which he could surprise and destroy the Kaiser and his hosts. The Infidel declined to make use of the information, and told Emperor Frederick of the Templars' treachery ; but so powerful were they that terms had to be made with them.

Richard I. of England enters into the history of this order too. In contradiction to the records of the Order of Cyprus, it is said that Richard sold the island to the Order of Knights Templars. Matthew of Westminster, writing of those days, tells how Foulques, discussing the matter with the King, referred to the pride that characterised his Court, and suggested that he should marry it to the Templars, as one generously disposes of a bad daughter.

The Order of Knights Templars did more than

any other body towards the final loss of Jerusalem to the Infidels. The Knights then dispersed all over Europe, and made themselves disliked wherever they went by their disorderly habits, which must have been very bad to have shocked a by no means squeamish age. Kings and princes found this order an odious nuisance, but it was so powerful that it was difficult to effect anything against it. However, King Philip le Bel of France, where the Templars were very powerful, had the happy idea of arresting them all on the same day, October 13th, 1307. The Pope raised an objection to this drastic proceeding, as the order, being a religious one, was under his jurisdiction. But he did not insist; he even ordered inquiries to be instituted. These revealed a serious state of affairs; so kings and princes, supported by the Church, decided to abolish the order, and this eventually took place at the Council of Vienna in 1312. All the goods and possessions of this order were transferred to the Order of Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, except in one or two countries, among them Portugal, whose king, Denis, took over the great possessions formerly held by the Knights Templars in his country.

Among these possessions was Thomar, as we have seen. It was an important fortress and required a constant garrison, hitherto found by the Order of Knights Templars, which was not in

LISBON SEEN FROM ALFEITE.

quite such a bad way here as in other countries. King Denis quite realised how useful the Templars had been, so he decided to found another military order on the ruins of the former one. This he succeeded in doing five years after the downfall of the Templars, possibly admitting some of those into the new order, which he called that of Jesus Christ, in order that the Knights might do great things against the enemies of the Faith, in that Holy Name. King Denis sent to Rome to ask the Pope for a Bull confirming this order, and received it on March 14th, 1319; thereupon the Abbot of Alcobaça heard the vows of the new Knights, the rules of St. Benoît of Calatrava.

At first the order lived according to strict monastic rule, but this was relaxed in time, though through sanction of constituted authority, not by individual licence. Thus Pope Alexander VI. absolved the order from strict observance of the vow of poverty, on condition that one-third of its acquired property should be devoted to the construction of the monastery at Thomar. The knights of the order did well in several campaigns against the Moors; they even captured territory in Africa, which they submitted to King Edward of Portugal. But Dom Duarte gave them the sovereignty over the territory they had conquered, and Pope Eugene IV. confirmed this concession, promising

them also one-tenth of all their subsequent conquests. This urged the knights on to further endeavour. They gained wealth and great possessions; but instead of using these for their own aggrandisement, they devoted them to the service of their country. It soon became customary that a member of the royal family should hold the office of Grand Master of this order, since the brethren had been granted leave to marry by the Pope. Thus Prince Henry the Navigator, brother of Dom Duarte, the King, became Grand Master, and under him began that series of discoveries, aided by the Order of Christ, which raised Portugal to foremost rank among the great nations of Europe. Dom Affonso V., who followed Dom Duarte on the throne of Portugal, further extended the power of this order by giving them jurisdiction over all their over-seas possessions; this decision Pope Calixtus III. confirmed, adding the right to appoint priests to benefices, to administer censures, interdicts—in fact, investing the order with full episcopal power.

Dom Manoel, also Grand Master of this order, gave further concessions when he came to the throne. During the reign of this monarch the badge of the Order of Christ, a red cross enclosing a white one, was known on all the newly discovered ocean highways. It was blazoned on the sails that bore Vasco da Gama and his fellows round the Cape of Good

Hope ; it gleamed in the heat of equatorial seas, and caused wonderment to the priests of an ancient creed in India—wonderment, for the symbol of peace and self-sacrifice led its worshippers to acts of violence and unspeakable cruelty in search of conquest and personal aggrandisement.

Gradually the cross of the Order of Christ faded from the high seas, corruption corroded the Portuguese Empire, attacked its vitals in the mother country, and Portugal sank into insignificance. The balance of power began to change when the wealth and importance of Portugal had blinded those in authority to current events. Another red cross, that of St. George of England, became known and respected beyond the limits of the Island Kingdom. A significant fact heralded the advent of a new, yet remaining sea-power—in 1580 Cardinal Dom Henrique died, last of the dynasty of Aviz, and Portugal was incorporated in the kingdom of Spain ; in that year Sir Francis Drake sailed round the world. Camões died in the same year, Camões who sang the glory of Portugal in his immortal epic the "Lusiades."

The stately pile of buildings that crowns the height at Thomar became the retreat of pious monks, for in 1523 the Order of Christ was converted from a military into a monastic institution. Their memory lingers yet under the vaulted stone

ceiling of the refectory, in the little stone-flagged cells that line the long wide corridors with their timber waggon-roof. The last rays of the setting sun enter between the bars of the small window of a tiny cell; you sit down on the stone seat by the window and look out over luxuriant verdure, to the broad plain below, but you feel the presence of some gentle brother whose favourite place this was on those balmy winter evenings long ago. King John III., who made monks of the knights of this order, also built this portion of the monastery; a majestic cloister is named after him. There are other cloisters, seven in all, each with its own peculiar beauty and pathetic interest; of these the most beautiful is that of St. Barbe, the oldest and sternest that used for ablution by the knights.

The battlements and towers are falling into decay —they have served their purpose; but the monastic buildings, the church, and the cloisters are kept in good repair. They stand silent and deserted in their exuberant beauty, and around them the evening breeze rustles the heavy leaves of orange trees and draws fragrance from the golden fruit, while tall cypresses stand dark against the evening sky and mourn over this monument to the glory of Portugal, short lived, long since departed.

CHAPTER VIII

WHO has not heard of castles in Spain? Castles raised by our fantasy out of fond hopes and vain desires. Castles such as Doré's pencil called forth—castles with many mansions, endless towers and turrets, with spires soaring into regions yet more unknowable than those on which the structure's gossamer foundations rest.

How many have heard of castles in Portugal? No foolish fancy called them into being, they are not the plaything of an idle moment. The castles of Portugal are very real, have served a real purpose, and, though much battered and neglected, they still raise their ruined ramparts out of the living rock of which the foundations seem a part.

Take the map of Portugal; you will find castles everywhere, and they seem to have formed a chain of strongholds from north to south. This was the case when Christian and Pagan fought for supremacy. The Moorish invasion came from the south; where the invaders found a former stronghold they improved it with their marvellous ingenuity. They

built others, cunningly, wherever they thought one necessary, and so arose those castles, one by one. Far to southward Silves, once the seat of the Kaliph of Algarve, S. Thiago do Cacem, Alcacer do Sal, Montemor o Novo, Palmella, Fort St. George at Lisbon, Cintra, Obidos, Almourol, and many others. Each Moorish castle was held by a garrison, was the seat of some lieutenant of the Moorish Emperor, and from these centres revenue was collected which was conveyed to Africa under the escort of large armed parties. Each castle could communicate with its neighbours, and a flaring beacon by night gave warning of an approaching enemy. The foe came from the east, from Spain, at first, then from the north, after Dom Henrique, Count of Burgundy, had prepared the way, followed by his son, towards the foundation of the kingdom, now the Republic, of Portugal. The Christian hosts came from the north, under the blue cross on a white field, started from Guimarães, the cradle of the first dynasty, and what they gained they held by strong castles. The old walls of Oporto were strengthened, Villa da Feira, near Ovar, was taken from the Moors and fortified by Dom Henrique. The Moors lost Coimbra to Dom Fernando, King of Castile, and for many years this was the most southern outpost of the new Kingdom of Portugal.

The power of Portugal moved irresistibly south-

ward, taking in Leiria, Thomar, Obidos, then the Tagus, and yet farther south; strong castles marked its progress and held the territory gained, until their work was finished. Now they stand neglected, these ruined castles, these monuments of Portugal's stirring history, and few of those who live under the shadow of these hoary walls can tell you what their purpose was, nor why they are no longer needed.

The Holiday-maker feels strongly drawn towards all ruined remains of former strength and greatness, so set about to visit as many of these castles of Portugal as a short winter holiday would permit him to see. As before mentioned, he is singularly fortunate in his friends, and thus was enabled to carry out his project in great comfort. Starting again from the Rocio station, the line runs due north, sending a branch from Agualva to Cintra, whose castles and high-placed palace look down upon the pleasant undulating country through which the train moves at no excessive speed. In wide curves the line rises up towards a broad, dark mass of heights, separated by deep, winding ravines; here and there a mass of broken masonry peers above the sombre olive trees; again, a straight line, softened by waving grass, connecting the broken crest of a hill, speaks of more modern methods of defence. A wayside station, which we stop at, gives a clue to the meaning of those lines; here is Torres Vedras.

This is an ancient borough, and has seen warriors of many nations pass. The Romans built a stronghold here, and called it Turras Viteres. Dom Affonso Henrique took it from the Moors in 1149. Then for a while was peace, and vines grew on the hill-sides as they grow to-day. Then the valleys rang with the rattle of musketry when, in 1807, General Charlot came this way, and again, three years later, when Wellington barred Massena's progress. During the civil wars, under Dona Marie II., the troops of Marshal Saldanha here met those of Count Bomfin in battle, and routed them.

The line wanders on, curling round gentler slopes than those of the lines of Torres Vedras which loom impressively to southward, past little villages with picturesque names—Ramalhal, after crossing the little stream Sizandro, Bombarral, crossing the Real. The heights to southward, offering a mighty panorama, become blue and distant; their spurs run down gently into the plains. "Quintas" (country houses) stand here and there on rising ground, whitewashed cottages nestle in the hollows in the midst of grey olive groves. Slow, plodding oxen draw a plough which has not altered in design since fair Lusitania was a Roman province; the red earth turned up stands in vivid contrast to the shiny green of young Indian corn growing apace in this rich soil. The gentle heights, outrunners of the southern mountains, begin to show

THE LAKE OF BACALHÕA.

COIMBRA, RUINS OF SANTA CLARA.

the delicate green of the vine, but to the right of the line a hog-backed ridge stands out into the plain; its rocky slopes encourage no growth but scrub and grass, and on its sides and crest stand battered walls and broken towers; within this enceinte is an ancient town, Obidos.

The Holiday-maker, with his usual good fortune, found a cordial welcome at one of those delightful Portuguese quintas. The road led from the station under the walls of Obidos, the ruined towers of which seemed bent on arresting the clouds that hurry up from the sea. The banks by the roadside are covered with aloes, which not only make an excellent fence, but have other uses—for instance, the coarse, strong fibre of the leaves can be plaited into ropes, and these are largely used to bind oxen to the yoke. A sharp turn to the right, away from the good main road brought the Holiday-maker into a rather bad side track, shaded by eucalyptus, which led to that long, yellow-painted quinta, standing out over the red roofs of cottages and outbuildings, against a background of dark-green foliage—a singularly happy colour-scheme. Here at this quinta the Holiday-maker passed happy days in the pleasant company of his host, who, by-the-by, speaks English as well as any Englishman. The quinta itself offers much of interest in its large, cool rooms with parquet floors. Stored away in mighty old cupboards, carved

in heavy wood, are court costumes, uniforms worn by gallant gentlemen, mine host's ancestors, dainty dresses which rustled on the broad staircase, along those wide corridors, so many years ago. Their gossamer fabric still falls in graceful folds, and you fancy you see dainty sandalled feet peeping out from under them, whilst from the old spinet in the corner of the drawing-room comes a tinkling echo of some stately measure. Then there are rich embroidered cloths that served as coverlets; one of them has seen the slumbers of a king who visited here. The library, too, has many attractions, among these Beresford's daily orders to the Portuguese army he had organised.

The Holiday-maker could step out of his sitting-room on to a broad terrace, where a lovely view awaited him. He could look over the large garden, where roses grow in the winter, and bamboo bushes stand on shady lawns, to copses of pine and eucalyptus, and over the roofs of cottages and out-houses to the purple distance behind which lies the sea. Outhouses, long, low-built sheds, stand under the pine trees; they hold great treasures, wine, golden or ruby, won from the fruit of those vineyards that are decking hill-sides and plain with tender green.

"Why are these delicious wines so little known outside Portugal?" The genial host shrugs his shoulders. "They are known outside, but not under

their proper name. Some go to Germany, and from there go out again called after picturesque places on the Rhine; France imports a great quantity, which then becomes claret, Bordeaux, Burgundy. There will be a great demand for white wine this year, as so much champagne has been sacrificed to a recent outburst of popular fury." Had this happened in Portugal, what expressions of righteous indignation would have filled the columns of the daily papers! But it happened in France, to the accompaniment of charging cuirassiers.

The winter nights are cool in Portugal, so the roaring log fire in the stone hearth was very welcome. Moreover, it helped to draw much information from Padre Antonio, whom the Holiday-maker is proud to call friend. Padre Antonio hails from the north, and brought with him the indomitable energy, the mental and bodily alertness which is the heritage of the sons of the mountains. He is a priest, as Padre betokens, strict with himself, lenient to others. A true Portuguese, gentle and courteous, moreover a good sportsman—one of the finest shots in the country. Padre Antonio was kind to the Holiday-maker, as he is to all fellow mortals (is there any one who would say aught but good of him?). Together they stood by the windmill where the broad road leads up to Obidos, the windmill near which Portugal's English allies fired the first shot of the campaign against

Junot, little more than a fortnight after landing. They climbed the heights of Roliça, and from the simple grave where Lake lies buried—the gallant colonel of the 29th, first to reach the summit, first to fall there—retold the story of the battle. Surely it was a mighty feat to storm those enormous heights! Then they wandered among the heather, up hill and down dale, and Padre Antonio talked of autumn days, when the birds come over like rockets, and the report of a gun rolls echoing through the valleys. How they must have rung on that 17th of August, 1808, as shot and shell tore down from the heights into those steady, advancing columns of British and Portuguese infantry! One yet more furious burst as glittering bayonets appeared over the ridge, then wild cheers of charging infantry, and after that a lull, while the smoke of black powder faded slowly away. A few more shots sent after the retreating enemy, then the pursuit, which ended in the victory at Vimeiro and led to the Convention of Cintra.

Clouds come up out of the west and hurry inland, casting fleeting shadows over the landscape. They lose themselves among the rocks and in the gorges of that blue, shadowy ridge to south-west; they give rise to little springs which trickle down among the ferns, they encourage moss and lichen to cover crumbling ruins formerly a convent dedicated to Nossa Senhora das Neves, "Our Lady of the

THE SERRA D'ARRABIDA FROM SETUBAL.

Snows." From out of the clouds the ruined convent looked down upon the doings of men, upon the fierce struggle that began at Roliça over a hundred years ago—the struggle in which the sons of Portugal, aided by their allies of old, rid their country of the invader, and disproved Bandarra's prophecy :

Ergue-se a aguia imperial

. . . .

Faz o ninho em Portugal.

("The Imperial Eagle rises—makes its nest in Portugal.")

There are other quintas round about the one in which the Holiday-maker spent those pleasant days, and they look out in various colours—ochre, pink, or white—from among fruit-laden orange trees. Hidden away in a grove of olive and pine trees stands an old monastery. It is deserted but for a caretaker, yet in excellent repair. The part towards the garden, however, is decaying through neglect ; the columns that flanked the way to the fountains, the arches of the courtyard, have fallen, yet there is a lingering memory of the former owners in this peace-haunted spot ; you almost see the pale face of a brother looking out of some barred window, mildly wondering at the curious footsteps that disturb the stillness of this ancient sanctuary. In the chapel a surprise awaits you ; a large painting representing St. Michael hangs over the high altar. It is wonderfully like the picture in the Louvre, so like, so vigorously

executed, that it is impossible to believe it to be a copy. Yet no one knows the history of this work, and more's the pity!

Just outside Obidos, at the parting of the ways, which lead, one up the hill to the town, the other at its foot to the station, stands Padre Antonio's church, dedicated to Nosso Senhore da Pedra, "Our Lord of the Stone." This church is of singular appearance; it is built in no known style, and there is no other church in the world the least bit like it. One of its peculiarities is that the windows are placed one immediately below the other, the lower ones with the point downwards, so that, as Padre Antonio jestingly remarks, if you were to turn this church upside down it would still appear right side up. The church of Nosso Senhore da Pedra luckily has such a strong character, like the good priest who officiates within, that it can afford to be original. It contains matter of interest, too; the painting over the high altar is well worth seeing, if only on account of the beautiful rendering of Mary Magdalene. Then again, in the sacristy, Padre Antonio will show you rich raiment, but his pride and joy are centred in a set of chairs. They are what are called Guadamiciles—carved wooden frames upholstered in Cordova leather stained pale blue, and stamped with intricate golden designs.

Padre Antonio then led the Holiday-maker up

to the old town of Obidos, entering by a narrow gateway. They went up to the high place from which the ruins of the ancient keep look grimly over the fair landscape. The square tower of the keep was built by one Antonio Muniz, of whom the following story is told. Antonio Muniz was the son of wealthy parents, whose wish it was that he should become a priest. But just at the time when this wish should have been fulfilled, war broke out over the succession to the throne of Portugal, so Antonio Muniz joined the army of the Master of Aviz, afterwards John I., and went out to fight the Spaniards. Before leaving for the wars, Antonio vowed to build a chapel to his patron saint if the arms of Portugal were crowned with victory. Aljubarrota was the answer to his vow, and so arose the tiny chapel dedicated to St. Anthony which gleams white against the blue sky of Portugal on a hill to westward, just across the railway line. Here Antonio Muniz lies buried.

From the inner courtyard of the keep a broken staircase leads to what once were spacious apartments. A window opening more ornate than others in this stern building suggests that it may look back upon prettier scenes than those which warfare has to offer. Here wedding bells rang out a merry peal when Dom Affonso V., of whose unhappy childhood Cintra Palace was witness, married

his first cousin Isabel, daughter of Pedro, Duke of Coimbra, Regent of the Realm.

Padre Antonio and the Holiday-maker lingered on the ramparts of this ruined keep, commanding a glorious view of the surrounding country, as beautiful as any to be seen in fair Lusitania; at their feet old Obidos with its narrow streets, encircled by stout walls now tottering to ruin. Here and there the narrow streets end in an open space, designed as market-place, and giving a better view of some old church. There is the church of Santa Maria, containing paintings by Josepha d' Obidos, one of Portugal's most famous painters. These pictures are peculiarly interesting. Some date from the time before Josepha went to Rome to study, others after that period; and though the latter show greater skill and richer colour, something of the pleasing originality of her earlier work is wanting. Josepha was buried here in 1684, and by her side another who was well known and well beloved in his time, Francisco Raphael de Silveira Malhão, famous as a preacher.

To southward, seen from the ruined keep of Obidos, the gentle hills rise higher and higher, merging into those blue heights along which are drawn the lines of Torres Vedras. The fertile valleys sleep in the midday sun, extending away to westward to the sea. There in the distance you

may see the blue lake of Obidos, which is connected with the ocean by the little Arelho river. In former days, up to the beginning of the sixteenth century, the lake extended to the foot of this rocky prominence, making Obidos a seaport, separating it by water from the chapel of St. Anthony. Beyond the lake is rising ground whence you may see the Burlings, rocks that stand out into the ocean, in continuation of Cape Carvoeiro with its little sea resort Peniche. The broad white road that leads due north, past the church of Nosso Senhore da Pedra, is lost to sight in the luxuriant verdure which embowers Caldas da Rainha. This pretty little town was known for its health-giving waters as long ago as 1448, when Dona Leonor, wife of King John III., discovered their healing qualities. Caldas da Rainha has yet another attraction, a factory of that peculiarly Portuguese industry called "céramique." It was founded in 1884 by a great artist, Raphael Bordallo Pinheiro; he died some time ago, but his genius still inspires the exquisite work fashioned here under his son's direction.

Fleeting clouds come up from the ocean, casting their shadow over the face of the fair landscape. But the sun-touched places show up in bolder relief—the quintas, ochre, or pink, or yellow, in rich green setting, the old walls and towers of Obidos. The rays of sunlight seem to tarry for a moment to listen to

the story of those walls and towers. There is one squat tower over a gateway which played its part in history when the loyal folk of Obidos held out in favour of Dom Sancho II. against the Duke of Burgundy in the thirteenth century. The Duke, a brother of the King, laid claim to the throne of Portugal and had invested Obidos. The town was hard pressed, and want of food began to undermine the power of the defenders of that gateway, which being most easy of access was most exposed to the fury of the assault. A shrine, dedicated to Nossa Senhora da Graça, "Our Lady of Grace," stood just within the gate, and the women of Obidos vowed that they would renew that shrine if their men held out—and this they did, until the Alcade of Coimbra brought news that Dom Sancho II. had died, without issue, so the crown passed to the Duke of Burgundy, as Dom Affonso III. A new shrine was then raised to Nossa Senhora da Graça.

Five centuries later another story, of local interest only, centred in this gateway. A young lady of Obidos, daughter of a local magnate, fell in love with a young poet. The father did not consider this a good enough match, and had the young man turned out of the town. The poor girl went into a decline; the anxious father gave in at last, and exerted all his power to recall the poet, who arrived only in time to see his lady die. On her

death-bed she had made a vow to the Virgin, promising to take the image of Nossa Senhora from its shrine and to build a small chapel for it inside the tower, should her lover return safely from Africa. The father carried out his daughter's intention, and, further, laid down sufficient funds to maintain an attendant priest.

The clouds sail on, leaving Obidos to dream of the past, hurry on to cling round Nossa Senhora das Neves, who from her ruined sanctuary looks down serenely on the doings of men in the valleys below.

Another shrine rises to Our Lady not far from the broad high-road that leads northwards from Caldas da Rainha, past the tiny harbour of S. Martinho do Porto. High up on a cliff, overlooking the ocean, stands a church dedicated to Nossa Senhora de Nazareth; it is still in perfect repair, and thanks to the offerings of the devout is uncommonly wealthy. The story goes that Dom Fuas Roupinho, while out hunting one day, when stags were plentiful in the surrounding forests, lost control of his horse. He was carried to the edge of the cliff, and seeing his peril called to the Virgin, who heard him in his distress. By a miracle his horse pulled up sharp on its haunches, its forelegs over the precipice, and Dom Fuas was saved. To remove all possible doubt the exact spot where this

happened is still shown. Nazareth itself is a tiny town at the foot of this interesting cliff; a diligence connects it with the railway station of Vallado.

The same station serves a yet more ancient, yet more interesting town. A broad road, fringed with poplars, not always in the best repair, runs from Vallado eastward. It leads across the plain at first, through woods and meadows, then turns sharply to the right and rises up the side of a hill where pine trees grow from among the rocks, and graceful birch-trees stand out against the blue-green background. The woods recede in favour of houses, the uneven country road turns into a cobbled street which leads into a large square. It is Sunday, and teeming life is everywhere; signs of it are in evidence along the road, a stream of country folk coming and going, some on foot, each man carrying his long quarter-staff, many on active little donkeys; sturdy peasants, good-looking country women, each with a friendly greeting for the stranger. Sunday is market day at Alcobaça, and the venerable buildings, church, and monastery look on upon a familiar scene—country produce displayed for sale under big umbrellas, pottery of all kinds grouped round the trunks of shady trees or aligned in the shadow of the church, along the wall.

The origin of Alcobaça is unknown. Dom Affonso Henriques, Portugal's first King, took it from

ENTRANCE TO PALMELLA CASTLE.

the Moors in his victorious progress from north to south in 1147. He tarried here where the little rivers Alcoa and Baça meet, before marching to attack Santarem. Ere he set out he promised to the monks of the Order of St. Bernard all the land which they could see from the neighbouring height of Albades, should his enterprise meet with success. We have heard of that desperate night attack which added Santarem to the many conquests of Dom Affonso Henriques. The King fulfilled his promise royally; for besides granting the land, he founded the monastery as well, and it became the most important institution of its kind in Portugal—in fact, it was at one time the largest in the world. One thousand monks lived here permanently, many privileges became theirs, and their Superior was one of the highest dignitaries of the State. Persons of high station have held that office—Dom Affonso, the son of Manoel o Fortunato, raised to the rank of cardinal, when yet a child, by Pope Leo X., and after him his brother Cardinal Dom Henriques, last of the House of Aviz.

The construction of these buildings lasted from 1148 till 1222, and was not without frequent interruptions. The Moors attacked Alcobaça repeatedly and sacked it in 1195. Then, when more settled times set in, the huge monastery flourished for a while. The monks kept open house and offered

board and lodging to all who came that way, while the library acquired rich treasures; it is said to have contained 30,000 volumes. But other monasteries founded in different parts of the country detracted from the greatness of Alcobaça, and the glory departed for ever when Dona Maria II. suppressed all monastic institutions in 1834, twenty-four years after Masséna's army of Vandals had passed this way.

The buildings are now used for secular purposes, partly as Government offices, partly as barracks. But the beautiful church is still devoted to its former purpose. You enter under a Gothic arch which seems to rebuke the flamboyant rococo façade, to find yourself in the vast body of the church. Twenty-four pillars form each of the eight columns that soar up to support the arched ceiling, separating the nave, dedicated to the Virgin, from the north and south aisles, dedicated respectively to St. Michael and St. Bernard. This shrine is a vision of dazzling white stone, flecked with colour carried by the rays of the sun through stained-glass windows, or tinged with mysterious pearly greys where the shadows fall, or rest on pillars and arches of pure Gothic in majestic simplicity. Kings and princes lie buried here—Affonso II. and his son Affonso III., and Pedro, brother of the founder, Grand Master of the Order of Aviz. Mysterious shadows cling round the arches of a small chapel by the south transept; the

faint light from a Gothic window, heavily screened with ivy from outside, falls on two sarcophagi, and suggests rather than shows the outlines of sculptured figures. The figures are placed with their feet towards each other, and that by order of him who rests in the sarcophagus supported by six couchant lions, Dom Pedro I. The other tomb, resting on six sphinxes, contains the remains of Ignez de Castro, whom Dom Pedro loved, and whose sad story is whispered by the reeds that fringe the Mondego, the Lovers' river, at Coimbra. These two have rested here for close on six centuries, in the hope that on arising at the Judgment Day their eyes may meet at once.

Two Queens of Portugal are buried in this chapel—Dona Urraca, wife of Affonso III., and Dona Brites of Castile, married to Affonso IV.

Of the five cloisters only one remains, that of King Denis, a fine specimen of mediæval Gothic and Manueline. The influence of King Manuel's time is further evidenced in the doorway which leads to the sacristy, the work of John of Castilho, and another just opposite.

The little river Alcoa flows under the church in the direction of the immense kitchen of the monks, through which water was formerly conducted by a channel traversing the stone-paved floor, and connecting the river with the fish-ponds. A vast array

of culinary utensils was at hand, enough to cook dinners for an army in those days when the smoke of the wood fire curled up the sides of that immense chimney standing on its eight iron columns, those days when the monks of Alcobaça dispensed hospitality right royally.

The country folk come up to Alcobaça of a Sunday, they trade with the townsfolk in the shadow of the great church. Who thinks, or even knows, of those days when Alcobaça took part in history, and gave a resting-place to monarchs who lived and strove for the greater glory of their country?

It is only a short railway journey from Vallado to Leiria. The station is some distance from the town, and a diligence takes travellers to and fro. Leiria has its castle, standing high on a hill, with walls that come down to the town but do not, as at Obidos, encircle it. The town has a peculiar charm which it is difficult to analyse. It may be due to the little river Liz which flows so happily through it and reflects the trees that line the roads, or stand in groups, and adorn the well-kept public gardens. It may be that the Holiday-maker was well satisfied with what the hotel, named after the river, had to offer. Perhaps it was the busy market (Leiria has two market days a week), and those country women in their quaint costumes, which exercised a spell. Certainly the women were very pretty, some even beautiful;

whether bargaining or only looking on, or riding homeward, each on a nimble donkey, their graceful movements were a source of real delight. Towards evening there was a constant stream of lasses to and from the fountain close by the hotel. Each one balanced a large pitcher, in form the immediate descendant of the amphora, on her shapely head. The right way is to balance it in a slanting position when empty, upright when full, and it is then that the graceful carriage of these damsels is seen to perfection. Surely this is enough to bring contentment to a holiday-maker. But there are other attractions; the narrow streets seem to give a better insight into their character when the sun has set and lamps are struggling rather vainly against the encroaching darkness. The tinkling sound of guitars and mandolins, and a band of young men, some carrying lanterns held high on sticks, others behind them playing, all marching in step to the rhythm of the music, swings round the corner of a street, then round another, and so perambulates the town. The townsfolk, especially the ladies, seem pleased with this attention; and when the band happens to stop under the windows of one or the other of these old houses, a neighbouring street lamp looks very knowing, almost winks, as it suggests a time-honoured quotation beginning "sunt pueri pueri——!"

Yet another feature of Leiria adds to its attractiveness—the old castle. It looks so friendly as it stands out, lit up by the morning sun. Unlike other castles, it does not frown down upon the men and women in the town below it; on the contrary, it seems to smile sympathetically. Perhaps the large window openings cause this effect, they give the ancient stronghold a much more genial appearance than loopholes, which always suggest a store of arrows, bolts, or some such hurtful missiles, ready to fly on the least provocation. Again, the broken Gothic pillars of the chapel, which rise above the walls, help to soften the hard outlines of the fortress. The old castle of Leiria has seen stirring times. Moors and Portuguese fought for possession of it with varying success, for it was a place of great strategic importance in the Middle Ages. Dom Affonso Henriques first took it from the Moors; Dom Sancho I. gave a charter to the town; Dom Diniz stayed here several times; and the Cortes, the Parliament of Portugal, met here in 1354, when Affonso III. was King, again under Dom Fernando in 1376, and lastly under Dom Duarte, 1436.

It is pleasant to ramble about the ruins of Leiria Castle, to note the different styles of architecture as successive monarchs added to the structure. The view from the summit is very beautiful. Clouds

are hurrying across the blue sky of Portugal, moving southward over the rolling country where the broad white road leads through pine forests, down to Alcobaça, Obidos, and over the heights of Torres Vedras to Lisbon.

A broad high-road leads from Leiria to Batalha, the Westminster and Battle Abbey of Portugal, leads up and down hill, through pine forests on the heights, through fields of young wheat in the valleys, past pleasant homesteads embowered among olive trees, with here and there the pink blush of an almond tree. Mild-mannered country folk meet you and pass the time of day, some riding on donkeys, some encouraging other such hardy little animals to further progress under a heavy load. Fleeting clouds, rising up out of the west, scud across the blue sky of Portugal, hasten to the mountains, where they wreathe themselves about the rocky crags that crown the summit, and linger fondly in the hollows around the ruins of a deserted shrine or fallen monastery.

From a high point on the road slender pinnacles and spires, fantastic stonework, carved so fine that it gleams like lace in the light of the sun, rise up from the valley below. This is Batalha, this is the shrine that Dom João I. swore to build should he defeat his enemy the Spaniard; and this is the monument he erected, according to his vow, when he

beat King Juan of Castile in battle near here, at Aljubarrota, and thus founded a new dynasty. The outside is a marvel of stone carving, rich, but not overpoweringly so. The effect of the abbey is strangely beautiful. Beautiful, too, it is when you pass in at the glorious west entrance into the shade of the sanctuary. Here are clusters of tall slender pillars, which separate to support the roof; the prevailing tone is a warm grey, verging into purple, with here and there a splash of bright colour where the rays of the sun strike through stained glass. The distant altars and transepts take on a paler, colder hue, preparing you for the exquisite richness of the sculptured tombs that lie in their several chapels.

Three tombstones detain us for a moment. Under one immediately inside the door lies Matheus Fernandes, one of the architects; near him, but in a corner of the south aisle, a delicately chiselled stone covers Gonçalo Travassos, tutor to a prince; and just before the entrance to the first chapel rests a hero, Martim Gonçalves de Maçada, who saved his King's life in battle. Here he rests, that chivalrous spirit, almost at the feet of his royal master, for we have to step over the warrior's grave to enter the chapel where rest Dom João and his wife, Philippa of Lancaster, daughter of John of Gaunt. They rest here, in a chapel of white stone, carved and

ALCACER DO SAL.

fashioned in wondrous designs, all beautiful, and on the big tomb lie their effigies in stone. In contrast to their setting these figures are plainly, severely wrought, and one is holding the other by the hand. And around them in the chapel lie others of their race. Here lies their son, Infante Dom Henrique, who so worked, to the greater glory of Portugal and greater honour to himself, at all which concerned seamanship that he became known to posterity as "the Navigator." This tomb is decorated with branches of yew and the device "Talent de bien faire," hewn in stone. There are yet others: Dom João II., whose body was first buried at Silves in the far south of the land; then there is Dom Affonso, son of Dom João II.; Dom Affonso V. and his wife Isabel; Dom Pedro, Duke of Coimbra, and Regent during the minority of Affonso V. till 1447. Then comes Dom João, constable of the realm, and his proud device is "J'ai bien reson [raison]." Last comes Dom Fernando, pious and resigned, who died at Fez, a prisoner of the Moors, and under horrible sufferings.

Yet another King and Queen of Portugal rest in this church—Dom Duarte (Edward) and Leonor, his wife; they lie before the high altar, their feet towards the east, and the stone effigies upon the tomb are hand in hand. A figure of Nossa Senhora da Victoria, who gained the victory which led to the foundation of

this glorious shrine, adorns the doorway of the south transept.

There are other chapels, there are other monuments, and some pictures to see, but the warm rays of sunshine, coming through the stained-glass windows, draw us out into the open; through two cloisters, both of singular beauty, but in very different ways. First comes the cloister of the Kings, and it is right regal. Profusely decorated arches follow each other round the quadrangle, and in no instance is the design of one arch repeated in another. There is music here too, for in one corner of the quadrangle stands the fountain, enshrined in richly sculptured stone; its voice mingles with the song of birds, and there is everywhere the scent of flowers. The cloister of Dom Affonso V. is smaller, its lines are very graceful, and lack the exuberant stone carving that adorns the Kings' cloister; it is simple, almost severe, yet beautiful. Here too are bird-song and scent of flowers.

There was yet another cloister, that of Dom João III., but it has been pulled down, and modern offices are springing up in its stead. Winding your way between piles of bricks, mortar-pits, and such things as pertain to building, you turn to the right, and suddenly find yourself face to face with an astounding bit of work; it is the entrance to the "Unfinished Chapel." A huge rope of stone has

been taken and twisted into all manner of fantastic knots—so it appears; it is almost incredible, but there it is, hard stone knotted and twisted, the columns striving upwards spirally, then the ropes divide, and interlace and twine about until the eyesight is dazed by watching their contortions. And this doorway leads to the chapel which Dom Manoel I., called the Fortunate, was erecting when his attention became centred on the Abbey of S. Jeronymos, at Belem, which he had vowed to build in honour of Vasco da Gama's return. So here the chapel stands, unfinished to this day; a rotunda with seven chapels, each one a gem of Manueline architecture, each one with decorations of a different design, and the graceful windows are adorned with stained glass; but grass grows where the pavement should be, and the blue sky of Portugal is the roof to this, the "Unfinished Chapel." Thus it has stood for centuries, thus it may stand for many more—unfinished; but this is Portugal.

It stands serenely looking down on the little houses that surround it, does Batalha Abbey; its clustering pillars commune with the sunshine that streams in through stained-glass windows. They talk of the mighty dead who rest beneath their canopies of fretted stones, of Dom João I., the founder, whose victory over the Spaniards caused them to arise, of his English wife, and their great son,

Prince Henry the Navigator, of the days when Portugal was great and glorious, and of the deeds that made her so.

The light fades from the sky, leaving the stately nave in gloom; clouds are travelling over the land and casting shadows on Batalha, the shrine of Portugal's glory. Clouds are passing over Portugal.

THE WINDMILL OUTPOSTS OF S. THIAGO DE CACEM.

CHAPTER IX

THE left bank of the Tagus recedes to the south-east, and forms a grand harbour, wherein all the warships of the world could easily find room to anchor. A point of land protects the harbour from the strong tide that flows in from the sea, though such protection is not necessary. The point is called that of Cacilhas, reached by a service of small steamers from the Caes de Sodre. Cacilhas and the surrounding country is a favourite holiday resort for the people of Lisbon, and from here you may go to Trafaria, through Almada, over the heights of Monte de Caparica, enjoying a glorious view of the broad river with its shipping, the capital, with its Government offices, gleaming above the forest of masts, rising tier upon tier. There is Fort St. George standing out of a sea of red-roofed houses, proud of its stern history, and rather sorry for the venerable cathedral with its disguise of scaffolding. To westward, on another hill, rises the beautiful dome of the Basilica d'Estrella, flanked by its graceful bell towers, behind it the dark cypress trees of St. George's Cemetery.

Farther to westward, Belem, with its stout tower reflected in the water, the church of St. Hieronymus, that jewel of Manueline art, in its setting of waving palms, and above it the Necessidades Palace, with a background of dark pines. Yet farther out, the lighthouse, the azure coast of the Tagus, Mount Estoril with its embowered villas, Cascaes with its ancient fort; and behind all this, to northward, the strong outlines of the Serra of Cintra, where the white cupola of the Pena palace gleams in the blue sky of Portugal.

There were watchers on these heights when Dom Sebastião, in 1578, set out for Morocco, never to return. Among these was Dona Magdalena, wife of Dom João de Portugal, and her sorrows are related in a drama, "Frei Luiz de Souza," by Visconde d'Almeida Garrett. Dom João sailed with his King, and left Dona Magdalena sorrowing in his castle at Almada. She exerted all her powers to obtain news of her husband, aided by his devoted old squire, Telmo Paes, but all in vain. So after seven years Dona Magdalena became the wife of a man she had loved for many years, Dom Manoel de Souza, a Knight of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, fearless and faithful. They had an only child, Maria, delicate in health and given to strange fancies; old Telmo loved her fondly. Dona Magdalena still lived in uncertainty as to her first husband's fate.

Telmo would not believe him dead, for on the very morning of the battle at El Kasr-el-Kebir, when the chivalry of Portugal went under in a sea of blood, Dom João had written to his wife, "Dead or alive, I shall reappear to you yet once again in this world," and the old servant was certain that his dear master would not fail to appear also to him who loved him so.

The House of Aviz had died out; a Spaniard, Philip II., first of that name in Portugal, ruled over that country. During the twenty years which had elapsed since King Sebastian crossed the bar and passed out to sea, many Portuguese nobles had become reconciled to Spanish domination, had even taken service under the foreign master. Of these were the governor and his council in Lisbon when the events here told occurred. Dom Manoel de Souza was informed one day that these authorities, well knowing his fealty to his own country, proposed to visit him, to make his house at Almada their refuge from the plague which raged in Lisbon. Dom Manoel determined that his house should not shelter them; he prepared to remove to Dom João's castle, and before leaving set fire to his own mansion. Dona Magdalena glanced once more into that large room, chief witness to the happy family life of her second marriage—the room with the two large windows, lighting up the treasures

gathered together from Portugal's over-seas empire—porcelain and lacquer work from China, rich embroideries from India—which led to a wide terrace giving a glorious view over the river to plague-stricken Lisbon. Greedy flames devoured the hangings of those windows, and leapt at the picture fixed in the space between them, lighting up the portrait of a young knight robed in the black mantle of his order, showing vividly the white cross of St. John. The canvas curled and withered under the hissing flames, and Dona Magdalena fled horror-stricken from the room. Renewed agony overcame her when, entering the hall of her first husband's castle, the flare of a solitary torch shed its uncertain light on the portrait of Dom João.

Only a week later Dona Magdalena was sitting in that hall with Frei Jorge the Dominican, Dom Manoel's brother, when a pilgrim was announced; he desired speech of the lady. He was admitted, and delivered a message from one whose captivity he had shared in Pagan dungeons, one who had loved the lady well, but had found it impossible to communicate with her. Dona Magdalena began to realise that some dreadful revelation was about to follow; Frei Jorge, still incredulous, asked whether the pilgrim could recognise his fellow captive's portrait. The pilgrim silently pointed to the portrait on the wall. Crying "My daughter!

my daughter!" Dona Magdalena fled from the room. Frei Jorge inquired further: "Pilgrim! pilgrim! who are you?" And again the pilgrim's staff pointed to the portrait on the wall.

While this was happening Dom Manoel and his daughter were returning from Lisbon. Re-entering, Maria found her mother prostrate, and herself was stricken with a hæmorrhage which threatened to prove fatal; the poor child had some subtle intuition of the terrible trouble which had befallen her parents, although no word had been said to her about it.

For the unhappy parents there was no way out of the difficulty than to separate and each to seek monastic seclusion. The Patriarch of Lisbon confirmed their opinion, and made smooth the way for the fulfilment of their purpose.

None but the Patriarch, Dom Manoel, Magdalena, and Frei Jorge knew then that the pilgrim hiding in the friar's cell was Dom João of Portugal. He declined to see any one but faithful old Telmo, who did not at first recognise him. When Dom João then revealed himself, Telmo was torn between love of his old master and deep affection for Maria. His position was made yet more unbearable when his old master sternly ordered him to declare that the pilgrim was an impostor, for Dom João, seeing what grief he had brought to his former home,

desired to disappear again for ever. But Fate, acting through Holy Church, had otherwise ordained.

The organ filled the church of the Dominicans, adjoining the castle of Dom João, with solemn harmonies as the monks chanted:

> De profundis clamavi a te, Domine!
> Domine exaudi vocem meam!

when little Maria, risen from her bed, ran up to her parents and tried to raise them from their kneeling position on the chancel steps. The pilgrim entered during this interruption, urging Telmo to proclaim him liar and impostor. But it was all of no avail. Holy Church pursued her way relentlessly; what that Maria died as her parents lay prostrate, face downward, arms extended cross-like before the high altar? The organ's solemn harmonies rolled on as the monks sang the verses of the Hebrew poet to the inexorable God of the Hebrews.

No vestige remains of Dom João's castle, no trace is left of Dom Manoel's mansion, and the sad story of their misfortunes is only half remembered; not even that, perhaps, by those who cross over from Lisbon to Cacilhas on a Sunday morning, in order to enjoy the glorious air, the lovely view from the heights of Caparica. Among these, one Sunday morning, was the Holiday-maker. He was bound for Alfeite, for a high-placed personage had given

him permission to visit a king's palace there. Alfeite is only three miles or so from Cacilhas, so the Holiday-maker shouldered his painting kit and walked briskly to his destination. A drive through a park leads to the palace, where an official called "almoxarife" (steward) received the Holiday-maker with true Portuguese courtesy, and showed him all there is to show.

The palace is nothing more than a commodious country house, built by Dom Pedro V. in 1857, surrounded by charming gardens, with a glorious view of Lisbon from the terrace by the sea. It became a royal domain as long ago as the fourteenth century, when Eleanor, wife of Dom Fernando I., took possession. It has since passed through several hands, till it again became the property of the royal family in 1707. There are pleasant walks about the extensive park, with here and there a glimpse between pine trees, over the harbour towards Lisbon, or to eastward an extensive view of the marshy country about Seixal, with its background of pines and grey olive groves.

All these things the kindly almoxarife showed the Holiday-maker, and then left him to his own devices, which resulted in a sketch of the river to northward. The sketch was just finished when the almoxarife returned, followed by a groom leading a handsome bay horse. The Holiday-maker was invited to mount,

which he gladly did. Then followed instructions in Portuguese, tinged with French, but inadequately understood. At any rate, the Holiday-maker, after a ride in the park, returned to the palace, where a servant motioned him towards the exit, the road to Cacilhas. Inquiries, probably misunderstood, as to the painting kit provoked identical gestures. The Holiday-maker therefore concluded that a groom had taken the painting kit to Cacilhas, and was waiting there to bring the horse home again. Most considerate, a very delicate attention, thought the Holiday-maker, as he rode along the road thronged with others, in carriages, on donkeys, or on bicycles, all loudly happy. But at Cacilhas there was no groom waiting to take the horse home, so the Holiday-maker explained his predicament in his own rendering of Portuguese, and with much fore-hand action, to a courteous sergeant of the Guarda Fiscal, a military body which sees to the Custom dues. The horse indulged in some forehand action too, tried to balance itself on a long, wavy tail, and generally indicated that this was no time for "palaver." The sergeant endorsed the Holiday-maker's explanation, of which he understood nothing, with a polite "Si, senhore,' and then himself started a fine discourse, encouraged by an audience of five small boys. The only answer to this brilliant speech was "Si, senhore," and the discussion threatened to lead to no results.

SINES.

Fortunately a subaltern officer of the Guarda Fiscal came that way; a happy inspiration led the Holiday-maker to address him as Senhor Capitão, and, better still, the gallant gentleman knew French and English well. He knew the horse too, had it taken to the stable, to stay until some one should come from Alfeite to fetch it, and undertook to send the painting kit over to Lisbon on the following day. A very polite note accompanying the painting kit, escorted by a bouquet of camellias, informed the Holiday-maker of the nature of the misunderstanding. It was meant that he should promenade the park only, then return to take tea at the palace with the almoxarife, who feared lest he had offended the Holiday-maker that he had ridden away without the usual farewells.

There are other attractions on the left bank of the River Tagus. Leaving Black Horse Square in connection with trains that run to the extreme south, through the Alemtejo to the distant Algarve, a steamer takes you to Barreiro, the terminus of the Southern Railway. The steamers, beyond the fact that they transport passengers from one bank of the river to the other, have little to recommend them. They are not distinguished for cleanliness, or any other form of comfort. Neither has Barreiro any great attractions to offer; at first sight some might even find the place uninteresting, and the smell which emanates

from the chemical works is a little too rich for ordinary mortals. Yet Barreiro is a place of some importance; it has factories, exports cork in different phases, and harbours a population which gives expression to political fervour by letting off fireworks on all occasions.

The Holiday-maker, as it happens, is very fond of Barreiro, for there he met with more than usual kindness, even for Portugal. Moreover, his temporary home there offered another attraction, in addition to the delightful company of his friends: there was a cork factory close by, and to see other people work is always a joy to the real holiday-maker.

The immediate surroundings of Barreiro are not strikingly attractive, but here and there you may find a pretty bit—some old quinta, either ruined or, if inhabited, vainly trying to conceal decay, picturesque under the shadow of upstart eucalyptus or venerable pine trees. A broad road leads inland, almost due south, through cork forests or lined by tall poplars, past cultivated fields, with here and there a whitewashed homestead, until you are brought up sharp in front of a long building. Here is Azeitão, and the big block of buildings was once a monastery; close by stands a neglected ducal palace. A road crosses the one we came by here, leading on the right-hand side over the Serra d'Arrabida to Cezimbra on the coast; to the left hand the road leads away to Setubal and down into the Alemtejo.

For a day in the open, ascending higher and higher into clear mountain air, there are few places to equal the Serra d'Arrabida. To enjoy it thoroughly you must be in good health and indifferent to minor inconveniences, which after all are more or less imaginary; above all you must be imbued with the spirit of holiday-making. There is a road up to the summit, recently constructed, but the right way to enjoy the excursion is by the local means of transport, donkeys. A sinewy elder, appropriately called Figo Passado, "Withered Fig," will supply any number of donkeys if given reasonable notice, and awaits your arrival at the cross-roads. Saddle and bridle are unknown. A loosely-stuffed sack is bound on to the donkey's back, and hides all but his extremities. On this ladies sit sideways, men astride, and you may endeavour to guide your steed with the rope that goes about the donkey's head if it amuses you—it will not in any way affect the pace or direction of your mount. Figo Passado and his fellows go with you on foot, carrying long quarter-staffs, and order the pace by frequent exclamations: "Ah!" "Burro!" or the animal's name, which may be that of a Minister of State, chosen temporarily, and possibly in supposed accord with the tourist's political views. The direction is entrusted to the donkey which from its earliest days has shown a desire to lead; even a leader may be an ass, and find other asses willing to follow. There

are numerous tracks over the mountains, some not visible to the naked eye, others which serve the additional purpose of watercourse; and the foremost ass leads through a maze of these, over rocks and heather, through thick scrub, or under the stunted trees of a dense forest, with marvellous surety, made pleasanter by the reflection that the journey is bound to lead somewhere. Emerging out of the jungle-like forest, full of life—heard, not seen—gnarled boughs and twisted branches rustling in harmony with tiny streams that tinkle down the valley over mossy rocks, a clearly defined path, interrupted by an occasional rock, leads along the south side of the crest to the ruined monastery of Bom Jesus d'Arrabida.

Here Arabs probably had a fortified station; the tall, solemn cypresses seem to brood over the memories of their time. Then Christian monks settled here, and to them the present mass of irregular buildings is due. There are a tiny chapel and tinier cells, fountains in recesses with stone benches, and on the walls traces of decorations made of fragments of broken bottles, the use of which, no doubt, those pious brethren eschewed. The decorations have almost entirely disappeared at the hands of visitors, who perhaps did not share the same objection to the bottle. There are terraces with shady corners suitable for picnics, and down far away down the hill-side is the sea, in the intense

colours of sapphire, amethyst, and emerald, stretching away into the warm southern haze, broken faintly by the sandy point of Sines.

Seen from the lofty ridge which shelters the wide bay below, the country to south-eastward looks singularly attractive. There is a little town at the mouth of a wide river, Setubal; the river, Sado, winds away inland, and is lost to sight among the slight undulations of the ground.

In order to make closer acquaintance with the details of the landscape seen from the Serra d'Arrabida, you turn sharp to the left at the cross-roads of Azeitão. It is well to travel, as the Holiday-maker did, in a sixty horse-power motor-car, for the road is long, there is much to see, and holidays are quickly sped. The road runs straight, lined by tall trees, beyond which the deep green foliage of orange trees, gleaming with golden fruit, droops over enclosing walls. A gentle turn to the right, slightly uphill, through a little village, Villa Fresca d'Azeitão, and the road resumes its former direction, running beside a long wall, some ten feet high. At the eastern end this wall is broken by squat round towers with quaint, fluted stone roofs, and above them rises yet another royal palace, falling to decay. This, the palace of Bacalhõa, despite its ruined state, is a fine specimen of the architecture of two periods, or perhaps the transition from the Gothic to that of the Renaissance.

Some give Sansovino as the architect, others ascribe it to Andrea Contucci, and it is said to have been built for Dona Brites, daughter of Dom João, in the fifteenth century. Dona Brites left this palace to Dom Diogo, son of the Duke of Vizeu, Dom Fernando, her husband, and perhaps it was due to him that the portrait of the lady figures amongst several others here. It seems that Bacalhõa changed hands, for Dom Carlos bought it from the Duke d'Alemquer in the last century. It was never repaired, and now stands desolate with fallen roof tree. A broad terrace, overgrown with grass, the sides yet decorated with azuleja, leads to an artificial lake expressing sadness over past glory in its unbroken reflections.

Dom Manoel II. sat by this water not so long before his warships shelled the royal palace of Necessidades, and revolution raged in the streets of his capital.

The road then leaves human habitations behind and takes to the mountains, sweeping in wide curves over the irregular eastern spurs of the Serra d'Arrabida. At every turn a fresh view opens out, unfolding a glorious panorama. There are deep valleys that run at random between the rocky and heather-clad heights, there are little hills rising out of the valleys, both richly cultivated, then above this the rambling outline of the mountains sloping

away to southward, giving a glimpse of the sea, and to eastward allowing the ancient castle of Palmella to look over the ridge occasionally. Flowering broom covers the hill-sides and steep slopes with its golden glory; heather, white or purple, stands higher than it does in Scotland—it is in places like a bush, some four to six feet high. Hidden in the long grass or in the shadow of rocks are many shy little flowers, living quite content without a sight of the great world of which broom and heather see so much, and discourse so ably when the sound of men's labours dies away on the evening breeze.

Having crossed the mountains, the road runs down into the plains and has less occasion for so many curves. Signs of human occupation increase as the road passes through walled-in orange groves to Setubal.

Setubal (St. Ubes) is a very important place—any one who lives there will tell you so. It stands at the mouth of the River Sado, has a sheltered harbour, and overlooks a bay which is full of fish. So fishing-boats go out to the bay and find employment for many; the fruits of their labours, chiefly the daintier kinds of smaller fish, are tinned at Setubal, and very excellent food are those sardines and mackerel. Then Setubal exports oranges and wine—is in fact very important, in spite of its rather sleepy air. When Setubal does wake up, things

happen, and politics are found to be very rousing. Last October's revolution in Lisbon filled the people of Setubal with republican zeal: something had to be done—things could not continue as they were—so a band of zealots marched to a monastery outside the town, to sack and burn it. This feat accomplished, the people of Setubal returned to their former state of dignified repose, which is only broken by an occasional strike or the echo of some riot in Lisbon. It is most unfortunate that the records, accounts, and similar documents in the archives of the town also became a prey to the flames, although in the middle of the city, far from the scene of conflagration. It is said that the mayor, brave man, bore this loss nobly; but what a misfortune it is that documents dealing with a city of such importance can no longer serve to inform future generations!

Setubal, for all its modern aspect—it has a park, or gardens, and an avenue, fringed with trees—dates some way back into history; down by the river stands an old fifteenth-century fort called Torre do Outão. The Queen, Dona Amelia, established an excellent hospital here for scrofulous children, in 1900—no doubt Setubal is duly grateful. Older still than Torre do Outão are the ruins that stand on the spit of land which just divides the mouth of the river from the open sea; here is Troia, formerly a Roman city.

SINES, NOSSA SENHORA DAS SALVAS

Failing a motor-car, Setubal can be reached by rail from Barreiro; a branch line from Pinhal Novo leads to Setubal, passing by Palmella. But the best approach to Palmella is from Setubal: again you pass between walls that enclose orange groves; over the tree-tops loom the mighty ruins of an ancient castle. The road winds round the rocky eminence on which the castle stands, crossing and recrossing the old road used by the knights, a stone-paved road leading straight down. A very steep ascent through the village of Palmella, where windows and doorways fill with curious spectators attracted by the snorting motor-car, ends at last under the ramparts of the fort. Here a great many different epochs are represented. There are stone ramparts with gun embrasures, suggestive of Vauban, walls and towers within this enceinte dating back through the Middle Ages to the days of the Moors. The mosque still stands; its outer wall formed the curtain between strong towers which remain to this day. The Christian built his church inside the walls; the Mussulman built his mosque either without or as part of his defences, being convinced that Allah was quite capable of looking after his own. However, he failed to do so on several occasions during the wars between Cross and Crescent in Portugal, and on one such occasion Palmella changed hands. The strategical and tactical importance of Palmella is evident from

its position, so it became a very strong place with a large garrison, as well as a settlement of knights of a military monastic order, that of St. Iago of the Sword.

Like most other orders of this kind, that of St. Iago of the Sword, of Spain, tried to trace its origin back to very remote times. It was said that Rameiro, first King of Galicia, instituted the order in 846 to commemorate a famous victory over the Moors, of whom 67,000 had fallen. This success was attributed to the saint, who, rather against his former habits, was seen in the thickest of the fray, fighting like the best of them, holding in one hand a blue standard on which was a red sword with a cross hilt. This remarkable attention on the part of the saint could only be met with the courteous institution of an order, dedicated to the saint alone, and, following his excellent example, devoted to the effective method of convincing your opponent by killing him. The King gathered together the gentlemen who had distinguished themselves in the fight, united them into a confraternity, and gave them as arms a sword gules on field ore, with the device "Rubet ensis sanguine Arabum." The only drawback to the latter end of the story is that armorial bearings did not come into use till after the tenth century or even later; up to that period only private or individual devices were worn.

From more reliable sources it is evident that the

order dated from the twelfth century. There are records showing that in the reign of King Ferdinand II. of Leon and Galicia the Moors interfered very much with the pious pilgrims to the shrine of Compostello, the sepulchre of St. Iago. The canons of St. Eloy, whose monastery stood in the Galician mountains, devoted their very considerable fortune to the building of hospices for the pilgrims along the road to Compostello, the "Voie Françoise." The first of these hospices, that of St. Mark the Evangelist, stood outside the walls of the city of Leon, the second overlooked the defile of Castile and was called Delas Tiendas. But further precautions were necessary for the safety of the pilgrims, so thirteen knights, invoking the protection of St. Iago, bound themselves by a vow to guard the road to Compostello against the Moors. They communicated their purpose to the canons of St. Eloy, then united their goods to further their pious endeavour and to benefit those who should come after. Between them these knights owned more than twenty castles; the canons considered the proposal very "good business," and, accepting all offers of assistance "vi et armis," became in time connected with this order, even subservient to it, acting as chaplains. A pact regulating the relations between the two orders was sealed in 1170 by Dom Pedro Fernando de Fuentes Encalada on account of the knights, and

for the monks by another Dom Fernando, afterwards bishop, whose epitaph in the abbey church of Uclés reads as follows:

OBIIT FERDINANDUS EPISCOPUS, B. MARIÆ PRIMUS
PRIOR ORDINIS MILITIÆ S. JACOBI ERA CCXI.

Pope Alexander III. confirmed the order in 1175; he also permitted the knights to marry.

The first feat of this order was the capture from the Moors of Caceres, in Estremadura. Then they moved on from victory to victory, helping to conquer Badajoz and Buexa, Luchena and Montemor.

When Dom Diniz was King, and nationalised all the military orders with a view to the consolidation of his kingdom, the branch of this Spanish Order of St. Iago, in Portugal, would probably have become Portuguese too. At about this time the badge was slightly altered; it became a sword the blade of which widened out an inch or two below the hilt, ending in a somewhat blunted point, handle and cross-bars spreading out into fleur-de-lis at the extremities, and this remained the badge of the Spanish order.

In the badge of the Portuguese branch the point of the sword is turned into a fleur-de-lis, as well as handle and cross-bars.

No doubt the Order of St. Iago in Portugal aided the endeavours of those who built up Portugal's

THE CARPENTER, THE REGEDOR, THE CHARCOAL-BURNER.

THE TOWN HOUSE OF A PORTUGUESE NOBLE, EVORA.

over-seas empire, though there are no records available to show to what extent it did so. Surely knights of this order accompanied King Sebastian on his ill-fated expedition to Morocco, but again there are no authentic records.

But their castle of Palmella still stands on its rocky height, and, though ruined, bears traces of former splendour which point to power and riches, and these probably made the knights a nuisance rather than a help, and brought about the dissolution of the order in 1834. The castle in its palmiest days probably served a double purpose; the eastern and older portion contained a garrison of royal troops. Here is the mosque, here the stout main tower surmounted by a minute sentry-box, of stone, with openings to give a comprehensive view of the surrounding landscape. And such a glorious view! —to the south Setubal and the sea, the River Sado winding through pine forests; the undulating plains of the Alemtejo to eastward, broken by the purple line of heights before Casa Branca, fading into blue distance towards Spain; to northward in the plains, the silver Tagus and Lisbon, behind these the dim outline of the Serra of Cintra; while to westward the vine-clad foot-hills rise into the imposing masses of the Serra d'Arrabida. A winding staircase leads up to the summit of this stout tower, and down to dungeons in the bowels of the earth.

Between the western portion where the knights lived and the quarters of the secular garrison stands the ruined chapel of the order. Its original structure is of pure Gothic, but defiled by additions in eighteenth-century taste. The arched roof of the nave still protects the massive tombstones, carved with armorial bearings, resting-places of the knights; but the chancel roof has fallen, and broken steps lead to the high altar, stripped of all its decorations but for a piece of marble, a richly coloured tile or two.

Close by the chapel, and to westward, steps lead to the apartments of the Grand Master, rooms of state, where important guests were welcomed; thence you may wander through long corridors with little cells on either hand, through grass-grown cloisters falling into decay. The refectory, with its quaint eighteenth-century doorway, is open to all the winds that blow, and grass grows up between the tiles that pave the floor. Azulejas of eighteenth-century workmanship decked the walls and the reading-desk—a recess in the wall, reached by a doorway and a narrow winding staircase. These azulejas have nearly all disappeared—the good folk of Palmella have a taste for such things, and found a definite use for many things the knights had left behind them—furniture, window frames, and other inconsidered trifles.

The pleasantest spot in all this vast castle is the terrace. It overlooks the blue plains of the Alemtejo to the south, and has a shady corner with a broad stone bench. Here the Holiday-maker spent a day in pleasant company, listening to a friend who could tell of knights and their deeds, and of those days when Portugal was great, before Palmella was given over to ruin and desolation.

CHAPTER X

ON leaving Setubal the road bears east by a point or two north, in order to join a road connecting the railway at Pinhal Novo with the country between the coast and the line which runs farther inland. To reach such places as Alcacer do Sal, Grandola, S. Thiago de Cacem, and Sines the ordinary traveller has to journey by diligence, as the motor-car service has been discontinued. This mode of conveyance is bearable for short distances, and the company, being Portuguese, is courteous and entertaining, though one or the other fellow traveller may be too strongly flavoured with garlic. The remarks interchanged between the driver and passers-by are also diverting. The Holiday-maker once drove from Sines, in the company of friends, to S. Thiago, conveyed in a smaller species of diligence drawn by a bay horse of leisurely habits. There were many others on the road, and each had some remark to offer after passing the time of day. One kindly soul suggested, "Do not go

to S. Thiago; it is cold there"; but as the Holiday-maker and his party were within half a mile of that town it was too late to turn back, so the lady's advice was disregarded, and the driver continued his address to the bay horse, "Va! casta—nhe!"

A drive of twelve hours or so by diligence is rather more than ordinary holiday-makers chose to stand, and this one was fortunate enough to be taken in a friend's powerful motor-car. The road leads through a vast plain, cultivated in places, in others a glowing mass of heather and broom, with clumps of umbrella pines here and there. The broad, marshy expanses of the Sado River are being reclaimed for rice, the young blades spreading a web of tender green over the rich black soil. Then the road rises over the western end of a ridge which reaches its highest point at Montemor, near Evora, to eastward, to Alcacer do Sal, skirts the town in a wide sweep, drops down to the River Sado, crosses it, and bears on due south through Grandola to S. Thiago de Cacem.

From the banks of the river, beyond the bridge, Alcacer do Sal looks most imposing. The houses rise in tiers up the side of the hill, and on the highest point stands the ruined castle, which contains a small but interesting archæological museum. It is an ancient city, Alcacer do Sal, and was important in its time. The Romans found a Celtic

settlement here, built a castle, and called their colony Salacia, on account of the salt industry they founded, which still keeps the citizens leisurely employed. Pliny the Younger speaks of Alcacer do Sal as "Salacia, cognominata urbs imperatoria." That the Moors gained possession of the town and castle is proved by the present name; of the history of the interval between Roman and Moorish rule nothing is known. The Moors named the town Al-Kassr, and held it until the Christian armies from the north drove them out at the end of the twelfth century. But the Moors returned five years later under Al-Manssor, and retook the whole province of Al-Kassr, Evora alone holding out against them. But their stay was short; in 1218, during the reign of Affonso II., Alcacer was definitely reunited to Portugal. It is a pretty old town, with its white church and houses clustering round the hill crowned by the ruined castle of Roman, Moorish, Christian governors. There is also an old abbey church, fenced in by a hedge of prickly pear, so useful for hanging out the washing; a lacework of white fruit-blossoms hides the grey walls long before the winter ends in more northern countries.

Through gently undulating country, covered by extensive cork forests, the road leads ever south. Grandola is a small, straggling township, with little of interest; it is not even particularly pretty, though

here, as elsewhere, wayfarers group themselves picturesquely to discuss their concerns, and no doubt those of others, with due deliberation. The road begins to ascend and descend in rather steeper gradients; it curves rather more boldly round rocky prominences. The country is laid out more for agriculture than for cork forests, though they loom grey in the distance, when from rising ground a line of windmills stand up white against the blue sky. On approaching nearer a further height comes into view, and on its crest a mass of walls and towers, surmounted by white spires, flanked by soaring cypress trees. This is S. Thiago de Cacem, with its line of windmill outposts. Passing through the line of windmills, the road winds down steeply to where the town begins to ascend the hill on which the castle stands. Here the road rests before hurrying on round the hill, in an open space, where the leisured of S. Thiago de Cacem—they are many and of all classes—assemble to watch the arrival of the diligence, to stare hard at strange motor-cars, or, failing those attractions, to wrap themselves in profound thought—at least this is what their appearance suggests. There are, of course, some amongst this gathering who are not, strictly speaking, men of leisure; it is only their method of doing business which is leisurely. The most important among these are they who come from

the cork forests carrying little sacks filled with specimens of cork-wood; this is an important feature in the commercial life of the countryside. There are also one or two small stalls where divers commodities are sold, or not, according to the eagerness of seller and buyer. The most picturesque of those who have their business in this open space are the water-sellers. They cluster round the big fountain filling their red earthenware jars, which fit into a framework fastened to a donkey's back. This done, and the situation, whatever it may be, thoroughly discussed, the water-sellers perambulate the streets offering their ware, "Agua fresca!"

S. Thiago, for all its sleepy air, is an important place, and has been so for many centuries. Exactly how many centuries it is difficult to tell, for the earliest days are veiled by legends. Yet it may be supposed that either here, or very near, was an ancient settlement, Merobriga, and the ending "briga" invariably denotes Celtic origin. It is possible that the Phœnicians called here, as they did elsewhere in the peninsula, but nothing remains to show that they did; and then it is so long ago—they first visited Spain fifteen centuries before the birth of Christ—and many more recent nations and cities have vanished in the meanwhile. The first to shed light on the history of this town, or whatever town stood here, was Pliny the Younger

EVORA, S. BRAZ.

again; he mentions cities of Celtico-Phœnician origin, among them Merobriga Celtici. Rezende, an illustrious Portuguese historian of the sixteenth century, in his "Antiquitates Lusitaniæ," declares that:

"Plinius Merobrigæ meminit, ac mirum est Cetobrigam omisisse in ora positam, cum Salaciam multo interius locatam non præterierit, neque Merobrigam, sex fere milibus passus ab littore separatam. Verba illius sunt: Oppida memorabilia a Tago in ora, Olysippo, equarum e Favonio vento conceptu nobile, Salacia cognominata urbs imperatoria, Merobriga, promontorium sacrum, et alterum Cuneus.

"Interiit autem Merobriga, in cujus locum successit juxta oppidum S. Jacobus cognomine Cacem, oppidum in excelso colle positum."

He goes on to describe the place as surrounded by walls with towers, some whole, others broken; he mentions an aqueduct, and a bridge spanning the valley, and other such matter which lends importance to a city.

Rezende seemed quite satisfied that S. Thiago de Cacem succeeded Merobriga, on the same site, and considers several Latin inscriptions as evidence additional to Pliny's statements. Two of these refer to a Roman family who must have been of some importance in ancient Merobriga—which, by

the way, had its municipal institution, the Curia, according to the following inscription:

C . NVMISIO C . F . FVSCO
VI . VIRO . SEN .
TATINIA Q . F .
FVLVIANILLA
VCSOR
PER MITTENTE . ORD .
MEROBRIG

To the Sextumvir Caius Numisius Fuscus, son of Caius, his wife Sentaninia Fulvianilla, daughter Quintus, by permission of the "Curia" of Merobriga.

No one questions the fact that the Romans came here, for they held the whole of the Peninsula in their power for centuries; they certainly built here too, for there are traces of a Roman encampment not far from the windmill outposts, and below it in a little valley a fine Roman bridge leads over a small stream. The bridge is going to pieces under pressure from a sturdy old cork tree, the roots of which are displacing the big blocks of stone with which the bridge was built. The question is whether S. Thiago de Cacem stands on the exact spot on which stood Merobriga, whether the castle, "Muri cum turribus," is that which Pliny wrote of, or whether Merobriga vanished completely when the Barbarians came down from the north and swept away the old civilisation.

The question remains unanswered, as it seems, yet that need not worry holiday-makers, for the ruined castle that now frowns down on the narrow streets of S. Thiago de Cacem has taken part in many stirring events. It saw an ordered state of affairs arise when the Barbarians settled down, and under Ataulpho, King of the Goths, it is said that the town enjoyed municipal rights and privileges.

Musa-ben-Nosseir, with his swarms of warriors, disembarked on the coasts of Andalusia in A.D. 712, and nine months later the last King of the Goths fell in battle at Guardalete. Then by degrees the followers of the Prophet spread over the Peninsula, and the names of many places still recall their day. Strange to say Merobriga is mentioned by none of the Moorish historians; perhaps the people of that town resigned themselves quietly to the domination of the invaders, accommodating themselves to everything except in matters that touched their Faith. So of the five centuries during which the Moorish dominion lasted here little is known, and it is only a matter of conjecture that the name Cacem is derived from a Moorish governor, or Kaid, Kassem.

Recorded history begins here with the conquests of Dom Affonso Henriques and his Christian army. The King had promised to give the Knights

Templars who assisted him one-third of all their conquests in the Alemtejo in 1169. Two years later the Moorish province of Al-faghar (Algarve) was all the Moors were able to retain west of the Guadiana, and during this period the castle of Cacem was captured by the Templars. But they could not hold it for long. Yussuf Abu Yacub, Amir of Morocco, returned to the Alemtejo in the same year, and again in 1184, so Cacem became Moorish once more. Then the Alemtejo and Algarve became the scene of desperate struggles between Christians and Pagans, who disputed every foot of ground, until Dom Sancho I. was at last enabled to give this town and castle to the order of Sant' Iago, whose warrior priests had taken possession. But five years later, in 1191, Al-Manssor's successful invasion not only brought the Alemtejo under Moorish rule again, but also deprived Sancho of much which he had inherited from his father. Not till the reign of Affonso III., at the beginning of the thirteenth century, was the Alemtejo reunited to the kingdom of Portugal, and the blue cross of the Burgundian dynasty replaced the crescent on the high towers of S. Thiago de Cacem.

It is not right to contradict a lady, but history does so in the case of Bataça, for she laid claim to the conquest of S. Thiago de Cacem. Perhaps, however, she was guiltless and historians are at

fault (history was not always an exact science). They, at all events, mostly remain unknown, while Bataça's name still lives.

Bataça was a widow, and travelled in search of distraction. Like other widows since her time, she interested herself in other people's concerns, and also got others to take an interest in hers. Of these, Rezende the historian was one. He lived about three centuries after her, yet his devotion led him to believe in her thoroughly. It is he who supports her claim to S. Thiago de Cacem, disregarding dates and such-like historical impediments to the growth of legend. Of course she was a lady of good family, exalted family in fact, for she was connected with the Comneni, who sat upon the throne of old Byzant. She went farther, and even pretended to that throne; and as her claims met with no consideration at home, she and her sisters Yolanta and Beatrice set out upon their travels. They arrived at the Court of Aragon, and Bataça laid her case before King Pedro. That gallant monarch could think of no practical means by which he could assist Bataça in her pretensions; however, he did the best in his power by supplying her sisters each with a very desirable husband. This was of little use to Widow Bataça, so she offered herself as chaperone to Dom Pedro's daughter Isabel when that lady went to Portugal

to marry Dom Diniz, king of that country. She spent some time at the Portuguese Court, and then accompanied Dona Constança, who went off to Castile to marry Dom Fernando IV. But Queen Constança died, and as the Court of Castile got tired of the widow, she took a handful of fighting men and embarked for Portugal. A storm obliged her to land at Sines, where her band of followers was increased by some knights of Sant' Iago, and with this devoted band she stormed and seized the castle called Cacem.

Rezende, the devoted historian, had gone very far wrong in his dates, however, for the Lady Bataça came to Portugal during the reign of King Denis, between 1279 and 1325, says Frei Francisco Brandão, the chronicler of that time, whereas the Moors had been driven from the Algarve in 1249.

Bataça's pretensions to the throne of Constantine were brought to naught by the Latins, who had taken Constantinople during the fourth crusade, and were little disposed to give it up again. However, it is pleasant to reflect that Bataça managed to "put by a little bit"; she lived on the revenues of S. Thiago de Cacem and other little possessions at Coimbra, bequeathing all her worldly goods to that city when she died, in 1336. Rezende says that she rebuilt the church of Sant' Iago Maior at Cacem, and there appears to be no reason to doubt this statement.

S. Thiago de Cacem then lived a peaceful existence, governed by a self-elected municipality, gaining in importance; it acted wisely in sending one João Lourenço to Coimbra when, in 1385, the Cortes, speaking for the Portuguese nation, called Dom João to the throne as first King of that name.

Troubled times came to the ancient town when the armies of France invaded Portugal, but the men of S. Thiago de Cacem rose to the occasion, as is shown by the correspondence between the city fathers and the authorities of other places. Among this correspondence are two peculiarly dignified letters, addressed to the commanders of British men-of-war, which hovered about the coast of Portugal.

A translation of the letters is here given:

"Friends and Commanders of the English Squadron,

"True friendship ever results in most invincible union. The Portuguese nation, which has always been fond of you, finds itself to-day reduced to such extremes that all Portuguese are up in arms against the enemy, who, though reduced in numbers, is crafty and deceitful. We ask your help, which you may send safely by the port of Sines; you will find it freely open to you. Assist us with arms and soldiers, for the French deprive

us of both. The bearer of this is Alberto Magno de Assis, who will tell you what are our sentiments, what our needs."

This was signed by the President of the Chamber, Francisco Onofre de Faria, and all the councillors and other members of the municipality.

Other letters refer to the assistance given by Great Britain, the gun-running in which His Britannic Majesty's ships were frequently engaged. The commander of one of these ships, a frigate which had found her way into Sines harbour, received the following letter from the municipality of S. Thiago de Cacem :

"Friend and Milord Commander of the English Frigate,

"The benefits we have received always give rise to the sincerest demonstrations of our grateful hearts. The proof of friendship which your admiral has given to this portion of the Portuguese people is a memorable cause of gratitude for us and for those that come after us. That generous deed obliges us to call in person, through the means of a deputation, in order to thank you, and in you the whole British nation, for the relief your services have brought us."

Those troublous times are happily over, and

EVORA, THE ROMAN TEMPLE AND THE CATHEDRAL.

S. Thiago pursues the even tenor of its way, while the ancient castle looks down into the narrow streets and over the fair country. There is the line of windmill outposts, on rising ground which runs from east to south in rolling folds; the broad fields are under cultivation, the valleys densely wooded. To westward the country drops down towards the sea; a large sheet of water gleams through the pine trees that dot the country down to the sands—this is a large lagoon which varies in size according to the tides. Fish is very plentiful in this lagoon, and the reeds along its shore shelter many wild birds. A sportsman out shooting one day in 1820 brought down a large white eagle, which had a silver ring, engraved "Ludovic Napoleon, Juin 1815," on one leg. But the wild birds are getting rarer, for man is making the lagoon useful; it is being drained by degrees, and rice grows on the reclaimed land.

The broad white road leads on westward, past stately quintas embowered among olive and orange trees, overtopped by pines and eucalyptus, through cork forests, or by the cottages of those who till the fields. The sea encroaches gently on the coast, leaving a point of land, rocks, and sand standing out into the ocean. This is the Cape of Sines, and the town and harbour of that name lie immediately to southward of it.

Sines is most favourably situated; the town stands

on a rocky amphitheatre enclosing a small bay. A spit of rock points from the end of the cape to southward as protection against the heavy Atlantic swell. The crest of this high breakwater has a stone parapet, and from here you have a lovely view of Sines and its harbour. Immediately below is a tiny inner harbour, where fishing-boats are made fast to a short pier. The waters swing gently in the shadow of the high breakwater, deep purple, blue, and green; beyond, in the sunlight, the intense blue of the sky is reflected in the sea, but broken by myriads of sparkling facets, or tips of foam that lap about an exposed rock or two, or creep over the curving expanse of golden sand. Thence rises a rocky slope, covered with dark-green scrub, with here and there a patch of red earth. A red-roofed cottage or two has left the precincts of the town to get a nearer view of the sea; graceful palm trees break the straight line of terrace connecting the town of Sines with its cape. Red-roofed houses, white, ochre, or pink, group round the church and the old castle, with its round towers and grey battlements.

One of the little houses that face the sea, though very humble, rises above its neighbours in historic import, for here Vasco da Gama was born. Possibly the little house has been reconstructed since those days, but the lower part of the structure certainly remains untouched, and its stones dream of the great

past. They may have known the days of Bataça, who, it is said, built that quaint white church, which stands a little apart, but in full view of the sea. An inscription on the façade of this church states that Vasco da Gama rebuilt it in 1529, but he had died as Viceroy of India five years before that date, so his heirs must have been responsible for the reconstruction. Certain it is that Vasco da Gama on his way to India, or returning home, could see this church from his ship; he never failed to fire a broadside as salute when the familiar building came in sight; hence the name, "Nossa Senhora das Salvas."

Sines is connected with the outer world, to seaward, by a weekly service of small steamers, so its produce—fish and cork-wood—can find an outlet. By land there is nothing but the diligence for travellers who cannot afford a motor-car along the high-road. Sines would make an ideal winter resort, and under any other European government would have grown in importance. But owing to the primitive land communications, Sines, with its lovely climate and delightful sands, remains unknown to the traveller; so does picturesque Alcacer do Sal, and S. Thiago, with its interesting castle, its beautiful surroundings, and its bracing air.

The people of S. Thiago de Cacem and of Sines welcome passing travellers, and do their utmost to make their stay pleasant; to this the Holiday-maker

bears testimony. Those were pleasant days on the golden sands of Sines, where pine trees come down close to the sparkling sea, and the lazy waters of the bay reflect the blue sky of Portugal. Full of delight were the hours spent among the wooded hills of S. Thiago de Cacem, or among the ruins of its historic castle, commanding a glorious view. It was carnival time, and of an evening tinkling mandolin and deep-toned guitar accompanied the sentimental songs of Lusitania, in the narrow streets, under latticed windows.

Successive generations of bad government have left these towns without the means of modern communications, and have thus crippled their development. The old order perished last October, making way for a new state of affairs. The enthusiasts who rose to power on the tide of revolution promised great things to those towns that lie along the road from Setubal to the Cape of Sines. But the new order has brought no change here. Alcacer do Sal and Grandola, S. Thiago de Cacem and Sines, have still to content themselves with promises.

THE CASTLE OF EVORAMONTE.

CHAPTER XI

BARREIRO is the terminus of the Southern Railway line, which indifferently connects the provinces of Alemtejo and Algarve with the capital. Both these provinces have much that is beautiful and interesting to offer as attraction to holiday-makers.

The line runs due east for a while through level country covered with vines, a vast vineyard, the largest in the world, and all the property of one man, S. José Maria dos Santos. Familiar Palmella is in sight for some distance, on the right-hand side, while away over the plains to northward the blue hills of Estremadura merge into the sky. At Vendas Novas, where there is an artillery school, the line bears more to southward and enters among hills covered with cork forests, ascending in wide curves, then descending to Casa Branca.

Here the Holiday-maker arrived one day on a visit to a friend whose large estates lie in the hills. The bailiff had come down to the station, and with courteous gesture pointed out the best conveyance, a two-wheeled mule-cart, the sitting accommodation

being a large straw-stuffed sack. Attempts at conversation between the bailiff and the Holiday-maker failed for two reasons. The first was ignorance of the other's language—partial in the case of the latter, complete in the case of the bailiff. He had consulted a colleague on the subject, and the older, more experienced man had declared that conversation with an Englishman ignorant of Portuguese would certainly present some difficulties at first—but there, "he will say a word or two in his language, you will say a word or two in yours, and in time you will get along famously." This might have happened but for the second reason, to wit, the state of the road. Was it really a road, or did the mules only pick their way where there were fewer cork trees to impede their deliberate progress? The cart, springless, of course, performed the most astounding feats—climbing rocks, dropping with one wheel into ruts, fetching up sharp with the other wheel against a big stone, and generally behaving like a small boat in a choppy sea, only much worse. The Holiday-maker might have walked, but he made up his mind to see the new experience through, and clung to the unsteady craft with a valour as determined as that of any mediæval, Moor-killing, monkish knight.

A troubled passage down a steep incline, avoiding cork trees with astounding skill, a plunge over rocks into a dry water-course, and the mules came to a

standstill before embarking on the next ascent up a hill-side, bare of trees—but there was a track, a distinctly visible cart-track. The tall figure of the lord of the manor came striding down the hill, and led the battered Holiday-maker, by a path through the tender green of young crops, to his quinta.

The Great House of the parish of Boa Fé ("Good Faith") stands on the crest of a hill overlooking a lovely landscape. The house is a long, one-storied building, whitewashed, with a red-tiled roof, out of which rise the wide white chimneys peculiar to Portugal. There is a terrace before the house, connecting it with a row of whitewashed cottages. Women sit in the doorways, preparing food or mending clothes. One or other cottage has a kind of pergola, festooned with vines, to protect its inmates from the hot rays of the midday sun. Under such a pergola sat Senhora Maria, Madonna-faced, with bonny children playing about her knees. The rays of sunlight sought her through the vine leaves, and played on the scarlet kerchief that framed her face. Have you any idea how beautiful you looked, Dona Maria, that sunny day in February, when you sat before your door with your children playing about you?

Maria's husband holds the post of "Guarda florestal" on the estate of Boa Fé, an office which corresponds in a measure to that of gamekeeper.

But the "Guarda florestal" has greater responsibilities. He is invariably an old non-commissioned officer of the army, and is appointed by the Government, or rather, lent by the Government at the landlord's request. He is therefore an official, and has authority to arrest poachers, trespassers, and other offenders. He is also able to read and write, an accomplishment peculiar to but three or four others of the two hundred souls who make up the population of Boa Fé. The bailiff himself is illiterate, but few have read deeper in the book of nature, or know more about her kindly ways, kindlier than elsewhere here in sunny Portugal. But accounts must be kept, and this is done by Maria's husband, the "Guarda florestal."

Then there was old Joachim, an elderly labourer, whose cottage the Holiday-maker visited by invitation. Joachim rose from his little stool inside the huge Alemtejan fireplace, whence you look up through the wide chimney to a deep-blue sky. The smoke of a wood fire curled upwards lazily, clinging to the stone sides until, reaching the opening, it gradually vanished. Joachim removed his broad-brimmed hat, requested his guest to remain covered, and greeted him with the delightful old-world courtesy of the Portuguese. Old Maria, Joachim's wife, brought up another stool, placed it inside the fireplace—the place of honour—and assisted in the conversation without

appearing to have an eye on the many little pots and pans grouped in the glowing embers. Scrupulous cleanliness everywhere; the paved floor as clean and white as the scrubbed table, polished earthenware, quaintly painted, and the bedroom, with its big box-like bedstead, covered with linen coarse but spotless, opposite which, in a little niche, stood an altar, surmounted by a coloured print of the Virgin Mary framed by a couple of candlesticks and vases holding fair flowers.

Outhouses, stables, barns behind the quinta, and beyond them again cork forests. The lord of the manor took his guest through these forests on a "tour de propriétaire"; up hill and down dale, under the shade of cork trees of all ages, lacework of grey-green foliage overhead, flickering shadows underfoot, and between these the stems, pale grey in the upper reaches, and warm red-brown where the cork-wood had been peeled away. To the usual voice of the forest was added the sound of much grunting, some querulous, some satisfied, for a large herd of red Alemtejan swine were out in search of food, while the swineherd leant upon his quarter-staff and contemplated their round sides with satisfaction. Indeed, the pigs that fatten on the acorns of the cork tree grow to prodigious size. The Holiday-maker once met another herd of them at a wayside station, waiting to be entrained in order to fulfil their destiny; they

were so fat that the swineherd had to lift them up by the tail out of their recumbent position.

The path, leaving the cork forest behind, began to mount a high hill, but had to give up the attempt owing to dense scrub and rocks. However, it was well worth while to continue the struggle, for a glorious view rewarded the exertion. This height of Sobral, over four hundred yards above sea-level, looks down on the surrounding country, and gives a good idea of an Alemtejo panorama; there are rolling hills, mostly clad in the grey-green of cork forests, others cultivated, some covered with rock and scrub, out of which a group of pines rises majestically. One of the hills is crowned with a ruined castle, Montemor, and behind it the plains fade away into blue distance. Legend attaches to the height of Sobral; an oblong stone, like a fallen pillar, lies embedded in the soil on its summit. Here, it is said, a Moorish princess lies buried, and the bold man who unearths her and kisses her to life again may marry her and become possessed of enormous riches. But though the men of the Alemtejo are bold, no doubt, they are also capable of great contentment, and do not hanker after wealth thus gotten; they also seem well satisfied with the buxom lasses of the Alemtejo, so the Moorish princess is likely to rest under her tombstone until the crack of doom.

It was Shrove Tuesday, the day on which, for

many generations, the villagers of Boa Fé assembled to dance and make merry on the terrace of the quinta. There were great preparations in the morning, mysterious flittings of female figures, in what may be called the chrysalis stage of Sunday finery, from one cottage to another. Dona Maria was too busy with her tribe of little folk to waste time on her personal adornment—besides, she always looked so neat and comely that no last touch was ever needed. Others, however, were not so easily contented with themselves; in the shade behind the row of cottages sat a maiden on one of those low, bright-painted Alemtejan chairs. She held a small mirror in her hand, and scanned it anxiously while yet another lass, with nimble fingers, intensely in earnest, dressed her hair—such heavy, blue-black tresses. Then, after lunch, the view from the terrace became animated. From every side they came, for the cottages of Boa Fé are widely scattered; they came in groups from out of the forests, appearing, disappearing, re-appearing among the cork trees, the men with their long quarter-staffs, the broad-brimmed hat denoting holiday, their short jackets over their shoulders, to be donned on reaching the terrace of the Quinta. The lasses' heads were for the most part discreetly covered with a becoming kerchief which yet could not quite confine an errant lock of hair or two. Such a delightful gathering, those slight but active, straight-

limbed men, those pleasant-faced, sunburnt lassies, and all so neat and clean and healthy-looking. They came up to their landlord and greeted him with simple courtesy, then chatted with their neighbours, picturesquely grouped. The village carpenter came with his mandolin, and being a person of importance was invited to the dining-room, which opens on to the terrace, to take a glass of wine. Other notables were there already—the priest, of whom more anon, the Regedor, a kind of magistrate, "poderoso," a man of weight, with definite views on most subjects, and huge whiskers round his jolly face. A very silent man, dressed entirely in black, commands respect; he is the local Crœsus, a charcoal-burner, and can put his hand on £200 any day he likes. These three, the Priest, the Regedor, and the Charcoal-burner, are the leading lights of intellect in the parish, for to them reading and writing are no longer mysteries. Another sunburnt little man, dressed in brown, black-braided, is invited to drink wine—he is the sacristan, a serious-minded person, as becomes his high office, but he can unbend. After wiping his lips he produces a fife, and a preliminary flourish brings additional animation to the groups on the terrace. Then the carpenter tunes up, and the fife shrilly accompanies in a quaint lilt to which generations of Portuguese have danced and made merry. Dancing proceeds merrily for an hour or so, while the dignitaries watch benevolently from

INSIDE THE KEEP OF EVORAMONTE.

the dining-room windows, till the lassies group round the sacristan, who stands ready with his fife, in a space cleared for the fandango. This is danced by men only, one showing how to do it, another *vis-à-vis*, who in his turn will show you how to do it better, and so on, till one dancer is proclaimed master of the art. The fandango is a combination of all steps possible to a certain rhythm.

After sun-down dancing is continued in a barn, while the notables bid their host a stately farewell over a last glass of wine. All this time Pedro, the servant, has been enormously busy, yet not too busy to slip out and dance a round or two. Pedro is the faithful, irrepressible sort of servant who figures in novels like "Gil Blas." He is always cheerful, ready for any amount of work, cooks well, and fancies himself as a wit. He certainly is most amusing, and never at a loss for some appropriate addition to the conversation while he waits at table. So Pedro was very busy on that day in February, yet he danced all night, danced till the last of the merry-makers went out of the barn into the light of early morning.

The priest supped at the quinta that Shrove Tuesday evening, according to time-honoured custom. A mild-faced man of thirty, well-read, and kindly for all his many troubles. He lives in a quaint old farm-house, in a fold of ground among the

hills, and rides his grey mule to service at the whitewashed church every morning. He farms a little land himself, and with the proceeds and his stipend of two shillings a day supports his aged parents and an unmarried sister, a brother incapable of work, and his wife and family, and also educates a younger brother. Surely his path is not an easy one, and recent edicts of an atheist Minister of Justice are like to make it yet more full of thorns. Towards the end of supper Pedro burst into the room, announcing one who wished to speak with the lord of the manor. There entered a strapping lad, who had come to ask the patrão to be witness to his wedding with Conceição. "But I thought it was to Dolores," said the patrão; "surely you were engaged to her?" "True, patrão! but still I would rather marry Conceição. I like her better, and the parents of Dolores do not like me." Priest and patrão point out the enormity of such fickleness, while José the culprit remains unmoved. When all arguments fail, and José has listened courteously, he intimates that Conceição, one of the ladies in the case, is waiting patiently outside. Pedro is ordered to bring her in at once, and bonny Conceição goes straight up to her friend the priest, and standing behind his chair lays a confiding hand on his shoulder. Conceição says little, but admits a fondness for wayward José, so the patrão and the priest

remonstrate no further, and probably by now each has taken his respective part at the nuptials of that handsome couple.

Casa Branca is quite an important railway junction; all trains stop here, even the express on the main line, before hurrying down south, past Beja with its castle built by King Denis, the tower of which, built of marble, is a monument to the glory of Gothic architecture in Portugal, away to where the Atlantic swell presses on to the Straits of Gibraltar, passing Faro and ending at Villa Real de Santo Antonio, by the banks of the River Guadiana, the frontier between Portugal and Spain. A branch line runs east from Casa Branca, curving in and out among the hills till, leaving them to north-west, it shows another ancient city, with walls and towers and high spires rising out of the plain—Evora, the capital of the district, famous in the history of Portugal.

Evora dates far back into history—no one knows exactly how long, or what race laid the foundations of the city. Certain it is that the Romans had a colony here, and, being orderly historians, they recorded the fact; then came the barbarians, and history made way to legend for a while, but even legendary lore concerning their sojourn here, on the banks of the little river Degebe, is not forthcoming. Of the names the Romans gave the city—Ebora,

Liberalitas-Julia, the former survives, and it is interesting to note that Ebor is the classic name for this the seat of the Archbishop of the Southern See of Portugal, as Ebor, the same name, is for that of the Archbishopric of York.

The Goths were driven out by the Moors, who held this strong city, calling it Yeborah, until in 1166 the Knight Geraldo came this way. Of him many tales are told. It is said that for some act of violence he had lost the favour of his king, Dom Affonso Henrique, son of Henry, Count of Burgundy and of the Portuguese counties. He therefore did the only thing which was sure to restore him in his sovereign's good graces—he set out to conquer castles and strong cities from the Moslem. As to the means applied to that end by Geraldo at Evora, there are various stories. One tells of a Moorish maiden who loved Geraldo or one of his warriors—it matters little at this distance in time—and admitted him of an evening through a postern gate in one of the strong towers. One evening the swain brought a few other gentlemen with him, all armed—it was safer in those days; the lady opened the gate as usual, whereupon the strangers entered and took possession of the city. Another version has it that outlawed Geraldo, having killed the King's favourite in single combat, took to the mountains with a small band of kindred spirits, whose chief he

became. They emerged from their hiding-place among the hills of Montemor and marched on Evora. Geraldo approached the walls one night, and made a kind of ladder by inserting spears into the interstices of the stones, climbed up and slew the Moorish sentinel, whereupon his band followed, and thus they captured the city. At any rate a grateful King rewarded Geraldo by appointing him "Alcaide mor," Governor of Evora.

A broad avenue leads from the railway station to the town, ascending gently till, after crossing a large open space, the Rocio, devoted to fairs, it narrows down into a small street at the Porta do Rocio. The public gardens are close by here, skilfully laid out just inside the ancient remains of the city walls. These now serve as a terrace from which you overlook the Rocio and the country beyond, where a suburb is growing up, for Evora is a flourishing little town. Standing out above the tree-tops on the other side of the Rocio are numerous little round towers, with pointed pinnacles. They are part of a very singular building dating from the end of the fifteenth century, and of Gothic-Norman construction. It looks like a small castle, but is really the Hermitage of St. Braz, and is a reminder of an epidemic of the plague which devastated Evora in 1479.

Close to the public gardens is a large building which shows signs of more or less recent additions

which have much interfered with its former elegance; this is the palace in which Dom Manoel o Fortunato gave to Vasco da Gama the command of those little ships which sailed round the Cape of Good Hope and laid the foundation of Portugal's empire in India. Leaving the gardens by the North Gate you enter the precincts of what was formerly a large Franciscan monastery, but all that is now left of it is the handsome church, with its graceful porch. This Gothic nave is in a manner reminiscent of the Abbey of Batalha; moreover, one of the warriors of King John I. lies buried here, under a broad stone in the floor—Rodrigues de Vasconcellos, who at the battle of Aljubarrota led "the Lovers' Wing." Added to this church is a chapel decorated throughout with human bones. Over the doorway stands the inscription:

Nós, ossos que aqui estamos,
Pelos vossos esperamos.

("We whose bones lie here await yours.")

All this is the work of former Franciscan monks, and no doubt the idea itself, so thoroughly "banal," is theirs too. It is certainly a likely product of the mind diseased which seeks to serve God by declining most of His beautiful gifts to the children of men.

There were many monasteries and convents in Evora, but of the buildings very few remain. Such as are left are now put to some useful purpose; for

instance, the "Convento da Graça," formerly inhabited by Augustine monks, is now an infantry barrack and military hospital. Dom Affonso de Portugal, Cardinal Archbishop, son of Dom Manoel o Fortunato, lies buried by the altar of this Renaissance church "da Graça."

The life of Evora centres round the Praça de Geraldo, an oblong open space with a church looking down its entire length, and an ugly fountain in the middle. This unpleasant feature is redeemed by two arcades which support the old overhanging houses, on one side of the Praça: here Evora does its shopping. Possibly there are still some windows in that arcaded row of houses which looked down wonderingly at the sound of hammering early on the 20th day of June, 1488. A scaffold arose, troops marched on to surround it and keep back the interested populace, while others escorted the third Duke of Bragança to pay with his head for having risen against his King.

The Rua de Sellaria, a quaint, narrow street, leaves the "Geraldo" and leads, on the right-hand side, towards the rising ground where the historic interest of the city chiefly centres. The ancient keep was here, the keep which Geraldo sem Pavor ("without fear") stormed sword in hand with his small band of outlaws. The Romans held this formidable stronghold; the tower of Sertorius, the Roman

general, and an aqueduct likewise named after him, speak of their day. Geraldo, on driving out the Moors, became governor, and also Master of an order of knighthood instituted by Dom Affonso Henriques, and called "Cavallaria de Evora." It is pleasant to reflect that Geraldo and his brigands submitted to the strict rules of St. Bento, ordered their lives according to the statutes of the Cistercians, and therefore must have died in the odour of sanctity. The palatial buildings that enclose the little Praça de S. Miguel, now dilapidated, housed the valiant knights; they performed their devotions in the neglected hermitage chapel dedicated to the saint. The palace became the property of the Counts of Basto, and is a fine specimen of a nobleman's fortified town house, looming over the street below.

Dom Sancho I. removed the knights from Evora, granting them permission to acquire a suitable site for a new castle. They had wandered about Portugal without result for some time, when they halted near Portalegre one day and idly watched two eagles soaring over a rocky height—this they took as an omen, built their castle, and named themselves Knights of the Order of Aviz.

The rules of this order were very strict; they eschewed all luxury, wore a black cape and scapula over the plainest clothing, and allowed no gold

GATE OF COIMBRA, BUSSACO.

to glitter on armour, sword, or spurs. They rose betimes in the morning and attended mass and orisons, fasted on Fridays, kept silence, and generally behaved with monkish decorum, except when fighting the Moors, which probably made a pleasant change. They were trained to becoming modesty in times of peace; so when a Knight of Aviz, going on his way, met a monk of some other holy order, he dismounted, and having received the monk's blessing would accompany him on his way, which must have led to edifying converse. Again, should a member of any religious order pass by a castle of the Knights of Aviz, the governor would hand over the keys to the itinerant monk and take all commands from him. All this was very beautiful, and it happened long ago.

The most interesting part of Evora is that which lies about the cathedral. Two ancient fanes, one ruined, the other still serving its original purpose, stand near each other, and each bears testimony to a Faith which has inspired noble works. The cathedral dates back to the twelfth century; its façade speaks of the stern simplicity of those days, but the interior has suffered much by attempted improvements during many generations, and the lavish display of ornaments detracts from the beauty of the Gothic pillars, hewn out of Portuguese marble, from the quarries of Montes Claros, the Serra d'Ossa, Villa

Viçosa and Borba. Infinitely more beautiful is the other fane, a Roman temple, said to have been dedicated to Diana. The learned maintain that this cannot be, as fluted pillars were never used to support the temple of a goddess—they were only allowed smooth columns; but it is agreed that this shrine much resembles the temple of Antoninus and Faustina in Rome, and dates from the same period. The long roof of the archbishop's palace, sheltering a very interesting library, seems to connect the Temple with the Cathedral; but a passing reflection, while it shows the former in all the serenity of its ancient worship, throws an ugly shadow on the latter—close by, half hidden by the flowering shrubs and peaceful palm trees of a pretty garden, stands the Palace of the Inquisitions. It is now a private house, but the chapel, the hall where that sinister body held its court, and the dungeons, remain. The Holy Office at Evora condemned to death no less than 20,000 men and women.

Of other events which added to Evora's historic importance mention should be made of several meetings of the Cortes here. Dom Duarte assembled it here in order to raise funds for the ill-fated expedition to Tangiers; the Cortes met again in 1481 and 1490 under Dom João II. The former meeting preceded his struggle with unruly nobles;

the latter approved the match between Dom Affonso and Isabella, daughter of the King of Spain. By this alliance Dom João hoped to join the sceptres of both countries in the hands of his son, but Affonso died before his father. Dom Manoel I. carried on the tradition—he also failed; and when by the death of Cardinal Dom Henrique, who installed the Jesuits in Evora, the house of Aviz died out and a Spaniard ruled over both countries, the people of Portugal, of Evora in particular, became thoroughly dissatisfied. The city took the first step in the insurrection which freed Portugal from Spain in the seventeenth century, and suffered accordingly, for Don Juan of Austria subjected the town anew in 1658; and not till the victory of Ameixoeira in 1663 did Evora become Portuguese again. Serious trouble came up out of Spain when in 1808 Loizon stormed Evora, after meeting with desperate resistance, and then left it to the mercies of a victorious French army. The last of troubled times came with the strife between Dom Pedro and Dom Miguel, the rival sons of weak King John VI., with whose Queen, Carlota Joaquina, and some of her little peculiarities, we are familiar. After much useless fighting the struggle ended, and Dom Miguel left Portugal after signing what is called the Treaty of Evoramonte.

Evoramonte is not far from Evora, and is of peculiar interest. It is a huge old castle, standing

on a hill, the crumbling walls containing only a few houses of what was once a flourishing little town. An inscription over the main gate says that the castle was built by the order of the most noble Senhor, Dom Diniz, King of Portugal and the Algarve, given on the 14th day of January, 1344, by which time that excellent monarch had been buried some nineteen years. The slight inaccuracy of the inscription in no way detracts from the stately beauty of ruined Evoramonte. Little whitewashed houses cluster round the old keep, which is of massive strength despite its age and varied experiences, and shows, moreover, some traces of genial ornamentation here and there. The vaulted interior of the keep is particularly interesting, with its squat fluted pillars, and glimpses of the glorious panorama through narrow windows. From the Porta do Sol, so called because the rising sun first sheds its rays through this gate before searching out the many nooks and crannies of this ruined pile, a grand view lies at your feet. Far away to eastward is Estremoz, commanded by the tower of Affonso III., and the palace where King Denis lived, and in which the sainted Isabel, his wife, died in 1336.

Farther to eastward, in the valley beyond the heights on which stands Estremoz, flows the River Borba, through vineyards, past marble quarries, to join the Guadiana.

THE BANKS OF THE DOURO AT OPORTO.

Close by Borba, and some distance from the little river of that name, is yet another ancient township, enclosed by walls, Villa Viçosa. A royal palace stands here neglected, the property of the House of Bragança since it was built in 1501. Here that gallant King Dom Carlos and his eldest son Dom Luiz Filipe slept, after a day's shooting in the neighbouring forests, on the night of January 31st, 1908. By evening of the next day they had been foully murdered in Lisbon, the capital of the kingdom.

CHAPTER XII

TIME flies fast during a holiday, especially in Portugal, with its manifold interests, and the end of the holiday comes as a painful surprise in this land of leisure. It came, and the Holiday-maker had to pack up his painting-things and prepare for departure. The route lay to northward, and there were yet many places of interest to visit, so the Holiday-maker again left the Rocio Station one afternoon. The train was a pleasant change from the ordinary ones—it ran smoothly, stopped seldom, and carried a dining-car ; but then this was really an express, and in the habit of carrying on the important communications between Portugal's only large towns, Lisbon and Oporto. The line ran through country already visited, for a while, along the Tagus as far as Entroncamento, then sharply to northward past Payalvo, the station for Thomar.

Night closed in upon the mountainous country of Estramadura and hid from sight the little town of Pombal with its castle, full of memories of one of Portugal's greatest men. Sebastião José Carvalho

e Mello, Count of Peyras, Marquis of Pombal, born in Lisbon on May 13th, 1699, spent his last years, an exile from the Court, in Pombal. He studied at Coimbra, whither we are now bent, and after a term of service in the Bodyguard was his King's envoy to London, then to Vienna. His statesmanship won him golden opinions, and he became imbued with the spirit of progress, thanks to his contact with other, better-ordered countries. When King John V. died, in 1750, the Marquis of Pombal entered the Ministry of the young King, Joseph I., over whom he gained enormous influence through his ability and imposing personality. His King's favour enabled him to inaugurate many reforms necessary to his retrograde country; he ordered its finances and swept away many malpractices, agriculture and commerce revived under his sway, but his chief endeavours were directed towards freeing the people of Portugal from the oppression of the Church and the nobility. His name is best remembered in connection with the extraordinary energy and resourcefulness displayed after Lisbon had been devastated by the earthquake of 1755. His untiring efforts to alleviate the awful distress caused by that catastrophe brought him high honours from his King, and, better still, the lasting gratitude of the people of Lisbon.

It was to be expected that a strong man, such

as the Marquis of Pombal was, would have many enemies; they were mostly secret ones, and came from among the higher nobility and the priesthood, whose intrigues he met with vigorous measures—for instance, by a royal decree expelling the Jesuits from Portugal, after an attempt on the King's life.

But King Joseph I. died before his great Prime Minister, and left the reins of government in the hands of Maria I. The new sovereign, under the domination of the clergy, drove the Marquis of Pombal from his high office, even declared him worthy of punishment, and exiled him from the Court and from public life. So the great statesman retired to his castle at Pombal, dating back to the days of Gualdim Paes, they say, and died there in May 1782.

The statue in Black Horse Square, ostensibly erected to the memory of King Joseph I., really commemorates the deeds of his great Prime Minister. Of the work done by the Marquis of Pombal much has been since undone: the Jesuits he banished returned to Portugal and have only recently been again expelled; the effects of his educational system have faded away, two-thirds of the people are illiterate; the finances of Portugal have for generations been falling into ever greater disorder, and no improvement has come with the new order of things—nor is it likely unless the country produces one strong man,

like Pombal. Some say that Portugal has done so, that the last Minister of Dom Carlos was such a man. But he fell a victim to Jesuit intrigues, as did Pombal, and must now look on, from exile, at the disordered state of his country.

Coimbra does not lie on the main line to the north; you are obliged to change on to a side line which runs round the town in a wide curve, to a small station on the right bank of the River Mondego. This rather annoying arrangement must surely interfere with the development of Coimbra, at least to some extent, and the hotel accommodation leaves much to be desired. It is a pity, for Coimbra is a singularly beautiful town, and full of romantic interest. A broad, slow-flowing river, the Mondego, lingers here, where the houses of Coimbra rise up on the slopes of a hill, crowned by the building of the ancient university. The Mondego comes down from the Serra da Estrella, on its winding way to the sea, and enters a broader valley just above Coimbra; here it expands and flows more gently between vine-clad hills, or groves of olives. The Mondego is the Lovers' river; it inspired so many of those tender lays sung by the people of Portugal; in the shady groves by its banks, generations of Lusitanian poets have poured forth their soul in praise of Love and the Lovers' river. Some of these singers died unknown but left their songs in the heart of the people. Others

lived their day and became famous, enriching the literature of Portugal. Camões and Antonio Ferreira, Garrett and Castilho, Anthero de Quental, João de Deus, Antonio Nobre and others, lived and loved, and sang of their love to the whispering reeds, in the glades, by the banks of Mondego. They lay under the spell which legend and history have cast upon ancient Coimbra. Descendants of Celts who first built here, they were informed by the spirit of that race of mystics ; the blood of warrior Goths, strong in the Faith, accounts for the boldness of their utterance, their language with its sonorous rhythm, an heritage of Romans, polished by the Moors' æsthetic taste.

The history of Coimbra emerged from the mists of earliest days, when Moors and Christians fought for supremacy, and Coimbra was subject to one or the other from the day when Dom Affonso the Great, King of Leon, temporarily gained it, until Dom Affonso VI. of Leon definitely conquered it in 1085, and gave it its first charter. Then Coimbra was given to the Count of Burgundy and became for many years the outpost of the country of Portugal against the Moors. Many Kings of Portugal were born here, many lie buried here, scions of the House of Burgundy. So Dom Affonso Henriques and Sancho I. rest in the church of Santa Cruz, with its fine Gothic Chancel, and paintings in the nave

attributed to Grão Vasco. There was a "Transfiguration" by Raphael, and an "Adoration" by Rubens here, but the French stole these pictures in 1810.

The old cathedral, the finest specimen of romanesque architecture in the country, stands out sternly like an ancient stronghold, and so it was; a stronghold of the Faith, begun in the twelfth century, while Cross and Crescent were struggling for the mastery within earshot of the deep-toned bells. A sarcophagus stands out of the wall to the right of the main entrance; here lies D. Sisenando, first governor of Coimbra after its conquest from the Moors in 1066. Dom João I. was crowned in this cathedral, after the Cortes held at Coimbra had proclaimed him King in 1335. But now the old cathedral stands deserted since the Marquis of Pombal drove out the Jesuits, and their church, a peculiarly ugly building, usurped its functions.

Coimbra has other memories of Kings and their doings. The wife of Dom Diniz, Isabel of Aragon, called the Saint, lived here and comforted the poor. Here it was that her husband caught her distributing alms to a number of mendicants—against his express wish, it appears. He asked her what she carried in her basket; she answered "Roses," which was strictly untrue. However, by a kindly miracle the coins had been changed into roses, and the story served as an

additional reason for her canonisation. Queen Isabel founded the convent of Santa Clara, down on the left bank of the river; she was buried there, but the floods so damaged the ancient building that the convent had to be moved to a neighbouring height, whither St. Isabel's tomb was also conveyed with all due pomp and ceremony.

St. Isabel of Portugal still commands the reverence of the people of Coimbra (unless the Republic has decreed that it should cease), but another lady's memory has yet a stronger hold on popular fancy.

The grandson of the sainted Isabel, Pedro, afterwards first King of that name, loved a fair lady, Dona Ignez de Castro—loved her with all the force of his passionate nature—and Dona Ignez loved him too. Dona Ignez had come from Spain in the train of Dom Pedro's wife, Dona Constança, daughter of the Duke of Penafiel. Dona Constança died, leaving two children, and Dom Pedro was minded to marry Dona Ignez. Dom Affonso IV., the King, Dom Pedro's father, objected strongly to this match, but was quite unable to stem the tide of passion. The lovers were wont to meet in the garden of a house not far from the convent of Santa Clara, the Quinta das Lagrimas ("of tears"), where is the Fountain of Love, fed by a little stream which is said to have carried Dom Pedro's love-letters to Dona Ignez. The lady sat by the

LISBON, ST. GEORGE'S CEMETERY.

fountain in the shade of the cedars and orange trees and watched the small stream for some token from her royal lover. But there came into this lovers' paradise stealthy assassins, who killed gentle Ignez by the King's command.

Then a heavy cloud settled on the brow of Dom Pedro and never left it. Men called him "the Cruel" when he succeeded to his father, and he deserved the epithet. As soon as he ascended the throne he took terrible vengeance on the murderers of Dona Ignez. He had them brought before him bound, cut them open with his own hand, tore out the heart of each one and bit into it savagely. Then he had Dona Ignez exhumed and placed upon the throne, before which his courtiers were commanded to pay homage, kissing the dead hand. Even then this sombre king's passion for revenge was not sated; he travelled throughout his country administering stern justice, executing malefactors with his own hand.

We have seen the tombs at Alcobaça, where Dom Pedro I. and Ignez de Castro are waiting to look into each other's eyes "when the trumpet shall sound."

Coimbra is now the centre of Portugal's intellectual life, or so it considers itself, and possibly for sufficient reasons. It boasts an ancient seat of learning, established by King Denis in 1290, and

there Portugal's great statesmen, historians, poets, were trained for their divers missions in life. An electric tramway leads from the Largo Principe Dom Carlos (now possibly called after some hero of the recent revolution), round the hill against which the city is built, and rises gently towards the summit. But a shorter, though steeper, way leads under the Arco d'Almeidina, a relic of Moorish days, through narrow streets with quaint old-world houses, to the university buildings. These buildings surround a large square, entered by the Porta Ferrea, dating from the days of the Spanish dominion over Portugal. The buildings are of no great interest, but the library, a temple-like building with fine wood-carving, is well worthy of closer attention. Here are volumes, manuscripts, parchments, containing the wisdom of former generations in crabbed hand-writing or lustrous illumination. All these have no doubt contributed largely to the erudition of those sons of Lusitania who came here to become learned. There are many books, more modest and business-like in appearance, which the youth of Portugal now turns to in order to qualify for the battle of life, or perhaps merely to swell the ranks of an intellectual proletariat.

Nowadays Mephistopheles does not come up to advise young students as to which of the many faculties they should devote themselves to. He did

so once, according to Goethe, and may have done so again, but the Republic has no doubt abolished Mephistopheles (though he has not been expressly mentioned in the law concerning the separation of Church and State), yet the number of law students has not diminished. The faculty of medicine is increasing, and their laboratories and other excellent arrangements for the pursuit of the science of healing should turn out useful medical men, under the tuition of an able staff, for the Republic has not yet abolished any disease—not even megalomania.

The professors of different branches of learning are distinguished, when in full dress, by the different colours of a "panache" which crowns the silk bonnet worn on State occasions. These colours are well chosen; what is more suited to theology than white, for instance, or for philosophy, blue, the colour of hope?—for even a philosopher should hope that his speculations may lead to some result. The students go bareheaded and wear a black gown, much like that of their colleagues of Oxford and Cambridge, though not so short.

Perhaps it is the gown which here and there leads to trouble with the townsfolk; a regular "town-and-gown row" is no unusual occurrence at Coimbra, and both parties thoroughly enjoy this form of relaxation. A student of law imparted to the Holiday-maker the real, original reason for the enmity

between the two factions; it appears that the students find favour in the sight of the fair ladies of Coimbra, leaving even the military element a "poor second," and so the flashing of "beaux yeux" disturbed the peace of the city for many centuries. Of late politics have added fuel to the flames, and recent events have given rise to serious disagreement between "Town and Gown." It appears, from the students' point of view, that the Minister of the Interior, elected by the Republican Party at Lisbon, had promised to institute a Faculty of Law in the country's capital. This was greeted with great rejoicings by the students, many of whom welcomed a chance of spending some pleasant years in Lisbon. The students formed a Republican association among themselves, and elected the Minister as honorary member of the committee. The town looked with disfavour on a scheme which would remove so many students, and thus bring economic loss. This was brought to the notice of the Minister, who promptly changed his mind, and declared to the Coimbra Chamber of Commerce that he would never consent to the measure with which the university had credited him. This led to considerable rioting, with interference by the military. The students' Republican association met in noisy conference, and erased the Minister's name from the roll of members; they also disbanded the volunteer battalion, formed, like

others in Republican centres, directly after the revolution. It is difficult to gauge the value of these armed bands; they do not fit into any strategical scheme for the defence of Portugal, and as tactical units they would be rather a hindrance to the regular troops, owing to their lack of training. But they are very patriotic, and wave red-and-green flags to the accompaniment of the new National Anthem; they also wear uniform on Sundays, to their own great satisfaction.

It is only charitable to suppose that the action of this academic Republican association was inspired only by a youthful "sporting instinct"; if it were otherwise, it would show in an unfavourable light a system of education which leads individuals and associations to place their own smaller interests before the wider ones of national considerations.

Still the general aspect of Coimbra is one of academic repose as it broods over past days, days of serious trouble for the city when Masséna's army marched through the streets, and the neighbouring wooded heights rang with musketry as the French pursued the fugitive citizens and shot them down. But even then Napoleon's power was breaking. From Coimbra a broad road leads north-east along a ridge of mountains to a place famous in history, Bussaco. The usual way to get there nowadays is by train to Pampilhosa, and thence, by a line that

leads into Spain, to Luso, the station for Bussaco. From Luso a broad road leads up into the mountains and through a gate into the forest of Bussaco. History has been busy here, in this favoured spot. Of course the Romans found it out and built a stronghold; then, in the eighth century a small monastery arose on what is now the height of Cruz Alta. The monastery was frequently sacked by the Moors, according to their wont, and was finally established on its present site in 1268. In the meantime the forest, the Bosque Sacro, had grown up, sheltering the new monastic buildings; it was enclosed by walls at an early date and, owing to its sacred character, met with much consideration. Two Popes, Gregory XV. in 1622, and Urban VIII. in 1645, issued a Bull excommunicating him who dared to harm a tree of the Sacred Forest. The trees of the forest grew up undisturbed and welcomed strangers of their kind from Portugal's over-seas dominions, so that now the forest shows the finest specimens of indigenous and exotic growth—oak and beech, pines and cork trees, and here and there groups of giant cedars. The Carmelites occupied the convent from the eighteenth century until the suppression of religious orders in 1834, and they welcomed the Duke of Wellington when he came to meet Masséna in battle on "Bussaco's iron ridge."

The old convent with its small cloisters, its still

smaller cells, in one of which Wellington passed that September night of 1810, is now almost eclipsed by a palatial hotel, built in the best modern rendering of the Manueline style, and decorated with azuleja by modern Portuguese artists, foremost amongst them Jorge Colaço. As far as the Holiday-maker's experience goes, the hotel is the most comfortable in all Portugal. It is a good place to be in amidst the glorious forest of Bussaco, but the stern country beyond the enclosing walls recalls the fierce strife which tortured unhappy Lusitania when the eagles of France passed this way. There is the rocky ridge where only gorse finds sufficient encouragement to grow; there is the deep valley whence Masséna's battalions surged up to break against the determined line of red-coated British infantry and Portuguese Caçadores in their brown uniforms. Recalling that 27th day of September, the heights and valleys seem uncannily peaceful. The Serra de Bussaco drops in a series of gentle hills, each showing a little more vegetation than its higher neighbour, down towards the sea, and the clouds which come up out of the west cast their shadow on the sides of the mountains, as they hurry to cling round the Serra da Estrella.

. . . . . .

The voice of the sea comes as a reminder that a holiday does not last for ever, and that big ships

do not wait for peripatetic artists. So the Holiday-maker had to hurry northwards, past Aveiro in midst of its marshes and dykes, back to Oporto, and then, by the river, down to the sea at Leixões.

Again the big ship[1] passes along the coast of Portugal, as if in a lingering farewell to Lusitania, to that lovely country, with its rocky coast, its forests and broad fields, mountains and plains, and above all its courteous, lovable people.

The rugged coast-line vanishes, and the big ship ploughs up the waters of the Bay of Biscay, so frequently maligned—for though the Holiday-maker has often crossed it, he has only once seen it really rough.

A few days more at sea, and the coast of England rises out of the sea—Land's End, and later, the Welsh mountains, and tucked away at their feet the new, busy harbour of Fishguard.

Then the last, shortest, stage of the holiday—a fast special train which hurries at sixty miles an hour through lovely Welsh scenery, past busy towns, then across the broad fields of Western England, the pastures of Berkshire, crossing the Thames again and again until it draws up breathless at Paddington Station.

Then the Holiday-maker returns to his seclusion; but there remain with him memories of "green days in forests, and blue days at sea."

[1] See Index, Booth S.S. Co.

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